

ONCE A WEEK

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Is the horseless carriage coming?

It looks as if the day were not far distant when our equine servants would be dismissed from the drudgery of dragging coupes and family carryalls, just as they were, some time ago, in most cities and in many country towns, released from service on surface lines of rail. In Europe many varieties of carriages moved by steam and petroleum have recently been exhibited; and several races, between Paris and Rouen, Paris and Nice, and from point to point in Germany, have been marked by most satisfactory results.

Petroleum is, it appears, the most practical motive force discovered thus far. Under its genial impelling power light carriages hum along the good hard roads of France and Germany at a speed which would soon use up the best carriage horse. The charm of the thing is that your carriage can go on unweariedly night and day, and there are no quadrupeds to feed and water; there is no stabling necessary; no hostler need be watched lest he cheat the poor weary beast of his food.

The "swells" first took up the invention, and the Comte de Dion is one of its most enthusiastic advocates in France. The public-spirited *Petit Journal* of Paris inaugurated races between the various kinds of horseless carriages, and gave prizes for them—an example now imitated in this country by Mr. Kohlsaat, the enterprising proprietor of the *Chicago Times-Herald*, who offers a prize of five thousand dollars and a gold medal for the best horseless carriage propelled by electricity or any other mechanical agency. Awake! arise! Edison and Tesla! and let us have horseless carriages which shall outdo those of Europe.

This emancipation of the horse from service in common vehicles has long engaged the attention of inventors. Jablochhoff, who has sometimes been called "the father of electric lighting," at one time fancied that he had invented an electric motor which would move the coupe, the big family carriage, and even the omnibus; and he spent days and nights in experimenting on his invention. M. de Lesseps was greatly interested in the motor (Jablochhoff in those days was located in Paris); and the old canal-cutter often went to note the progress made by the electrician. Fancy a motor, not much larger than a Saratoga trunk, which could drive a huge omnibus carrying fourteen people inside and sixteen outside! Jablochhoff's fortune would have been made had he succeeded in producing a practical motor just then.

But Jablochhoff had made and spent several fortunes. A blond giant, fond of luxury and repose, like all

the Slavs, he would not work by rule. He threw away his money; expensive litigation had discouraged and ruined him; and so it happened that sometimes he would be found patching up the model of his motor with bits of carbon, with pieces of old string and shreds of leather—because he had no coin with which to purchase the necessary materials. Nothing came of all this; his backers declined to furnish any more funds; and the project slept. By and bye Jablochhoff went home to Russia and died, worn out and disillusioned, and it seemed as if the electric motor experiment were at an end. Yet most people believe that when the perfected carriage motor comes it will be electric.

A good many regrets would accompany the carriage horse into his retirement, if a smart stroke of some of our inventors should release him. It would take a generation or two to wean people from their feeling that the horseless coupe, stealing mysteriously and noiselessly along on its pneumatic tires, was a kind of monstrosity, and that it would look far better with a pair of elegant horses frisking in front of it. But all revolutions in traction are accepted at last; and our quondam equine slave will yet look over the bars of some green pasture, with a satiric horse-smile on his elongated features, as he sees the "electric carryall" rattling past.

The veteran philosopher who presides over the financial department of the able and cheery *Sun* of this city has lately been investigating the causes of the "annual summer stagnation." It begins nowadays, he says, at the time of year at which, in his younger days, people used to commence making preparations for it. In those halcyon times (shall I say forty years ago, Mr. Philosopher?) New York was so small in area that the summer heat was rarely oppressive. It is refreshing to read that in that far-off period "the roads and fields above Bleeker Street" offered pleasant shade and kindly breezes. Schools did not close until August 1, and if people went away in that month it was mainly to give the children a change of air. No one dreamed of absence from the city from June to October. There is a mild reproach in the surprised tone in which the Philosopher remarks the prolongation of the annual period of repose.

He attributes it largely to the "expulsive power" of summer discomfort—caused by the immense assemblage of factories and the shutting in of the rivers and the artificial heating of vast surfaces. Then, too, the population is cutted away by the superior facilities for travel, nothing faintly resembling which existed in the Philosopher's day. But he does not admit the necessity of this exodus. The vast majority, he exclaims, labors only eight hours out of each twenty-four, on week days, resting entirely on the fifty-two Sundays, and on the dozen more or less holidays established by law. He fails to see why men "whose daily efforts consist in sitting in their armchairs or directing the work of others from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M., with an interval for luncheon, should be obliged to go abroad or to some watering-place for months every year to recuperate their energies." He hints very plainly that this generation shows a tendency to avoid work on every plausible pretext.

Perhaps; and yet—the Philosopher must remember that the pulse of modern New York beats, as Paul Feval said of that of Paris, one hundred and twenty to the minute. When the Philosopher was young, life was not lived at such a headlong pace; therefore the need of recuperative periods was probably not more than one-third as great as now. It must also be remembered that the perfection of modern industrial methods has resulted in the creation of thousands upon thousands of occupations which are densely monotonous, and which, if pursued from one year's end to another's without interruption, might end in madness. It is to escape from this monotony, and to get thorough relaxation from it, that the summer outing has been so generously lengthened since the Philosopher was young.

An International postage stamp? Why not? It would be a great convenience, and I am not surprised that several of the great Powers are considering the expediency of adopting it. There could be no more logical outcome of the International postal union than this. By all means let us have it at once. And Uncle Sam ought to secure a "parcels-post" arrangement with every country of importance in Europe.

Penny ocean postage should accompany the advent of the international postage stamp. How great a boon to business this would be only those who have large commercial relations with Europe can understand. It can be done without loss to the Governments, and England is already very well disposed toward the project.

Tesla will indeed be a wizard if he fulfills his prophecy that he can take one hundred thousand horsepower from the seven million horse-power of Niagara Falls, place it on a wire, and send it four hundred and fifty miles in one direction to this city, and five hundred miles in the other direction to Chicago, and that it

can be peddled out for retail consumption in each city. Can he do it? And if he can, what a transformation of industries will ensue!

Since the Roman gluttons wallowed in rose-leaves at their banquets, and took emetics after a feast of dainties so that they might begin again, there has been no more useless and, I had almost said, senseless display of gastronomic luxury than that afforded a few days since in Paris at a dinner given by a wealthy American. One thousand dollars per plate was the sum which this spendthrift chose to bestow on the entertainment set before his guests at the far-famed Pavillon d'Armenonville, in one of the most charming corners of that delicious Park, the Bois de Boulogne. But as the modesty of Parisian prices would have made a dinner of the usual proportions cost far less than the thousand dollars per plate, everything was ordered out of proportion. Before each guest a salmon fit to regale twenty people was set; each person had a whole leg of mutton, a whole pheasant, and a "double magnum" of champagne.

Unfortunately, no guest could bring with him an appetite suited to this Gargantuan provision. I fancy that not even the most bibulous of the lot succeeded in emptying his double magnum, and the waiters must have had a feast at the Transatlantic Lucullus had gone away with his surfeited convives. How much better it would have been, had he felt it absolutely necessary to spend one thousand dollars on each guest, to have brought rarities from every climate on the globe—comfits from Shiraz, fruits from California, rarest wines from Sicily's remotest corner, golden grapes from a Southern Russian slope;—to have patiently assembled all these luxuries together, and then to have given this *fin de siècle* banquet with the consciousness that there was something original in it?

The bazaar employees will yet be avenged on their employers; and the men who cannot get rich without enslaving the work girl will have to remain poor. This seems the correct impression to derive from the violent fight which the shop girls in one of the colossal establishments in a neighboring city are making against the ridiculously low wages given them. The department stores must be made to pay as well as anybody else. Then perhaps they will not be able to ruin every small merchant by cutting into his trade, and driving him into bankruptcy by illegal competition.

The heaven of the popular desire for good roads continues to work well on the Pacific Coast. The help which the State will give the counties is substantial; and meantime electric railroads between cities and towns all over the Western States are making communication far easier than of old. Doubtless the development of the highways and the trolley ways will, in the general interest, have to be harmonized, as a writer in the *North American Review* recently suggested. No less than thirty-one States are building trolley roads at present; and twenty-three are projected in this State alone.

The prosperity of the United States is more intimately connected with facilities for communication than that of any other country under the sun. It is, therefore, the bounden duty of every self-respecting State to spend some portion of its resources each year on road improvement.

They seem to have had stormy times in England at the recent elections. Lord Wodehouse was fined five pounds for assaulting the chairman of a political meeting; and several persons were heavily fined for "throwing stones at candidates and their wives."

Baseball by electricity! What next? The scheme has received a practical test at Palmer's Theatre in this city—where the stage was fitted up as a ball ground, and puppets, representing players, operated with life-like skill, moved by the mysterious power of the electric flash.

The corn crop in sight in these fortunate United States at the present time is worth one billion one hundred and eleven million dollars, and the cotton crop figures up two hundred and fifty million dollars. Statistician Mulhall will have an opportunity to make some new comparisons now.

Mr. Chamberlain's colonial policy is attracting a great deal of attention in England, and is not without interest for this country. Everybody is unusually curious to know what the great Birmingham politician will do, now that he has gone over to the Conservative side of things, since he was once diametrically opposed to that doctrine of "Imperialism" and Imperial federation in which all Conservatives and many Unionists believe. It looks as if he were about to display the passionate zeal of a convert, and to plunge into the work of reuniting the colonies by new bonds to the mother country. His experiments with regard to Canada will be watched with much curiosity.

One of the chief aims of the new Conservative Government, we are told, will be the strengthening of the British Navy. Time was when the Ministry which could not say that the English war fleet was stronger than the war navies of any two other first-class Powers was felt to stand in a ticklish position. But of late no British Ministry has been able to say that; and it is pointed out that so far as regards the great ships which would be of prime importance in a naval encounter, France and Russia will have a larger number than England for the next few years, unless England makes extraordinary efforts. The British taxpayer must therefore expect to see another sixpence in the pound added to his income tax while his shipyards address themselves to the task of "catching up."

The alliance with Italy is especially for the purpose of making use of her splendid fleet in a struggle in the Mediterranean comes before England has fully caught up. To say that Italy is delighted to put it mildly. She has at last attained the object for which she has been striving for twenty years.

The co-operative societies in Great Britain have two million and a half dollars of uninvested capital in hand, and are now inquiring what they shall do with their surplus cash. American workmen are hardly able to say the same thing. They do not seem to have given the same impetus to co-operative stores that they have had from the start in Great Britain.

The pluck of Mrs. Leland Stanford, wife of the late California millionaire, in selling off the splendid blooded horses now on the Palo Alto Ranch, in order to furnish the sixteen thousand dollars per month necessary to keep the University, established by her husband, in running order, will make her famous, and deservedly so. While the resources of the estate are tied up because of the lawsuit with the Government, Mrs. Stanford is determined that the cause of learning shall not suffer.

Prince Ferdinand intends to go back to his subjects, in Bulgaria, although he is a little afraid to do so. His family will not hear of any covering before the storm which is evidently approaching.

Seaboard, the able and popular journal devoted to maritime affairs, suggests that some experienced steamboat men should form a stock company, build a few small and swift boats capable of going under most of the bridges over the Harlem, and establish a line of frequent excursions around Manhattan Island. The distance is twenty-three miles, and vessels might be so constructed that they could make a dozen or fifteen landings on the tour around the island, covering the distance in two or three hours. Who will profit by the suggestion?

Each of these steamboats should be able to carry at least five hundred passengers. Strangers who are seeing the sights of New York would, one would think, supply enough trippers to make the business good.

It is significant that Sir George Newnes, the popular owner of several successful journals, from which he has accumulated an enormous fortune, and a prominent member of the Anti-Gambling League, was beaten in the recent English elections by Mr. McAlmont, the horse owner. Needless to say that the Anti-Gambling League is decidedly opposed to horse-racing.

Mr. James J. O'Kelly, the well-known Irish journalist, and at one time a staunch supporter of Parnell in Parliament, has just been elected to that body again—this time being chosen in the North Division of Roscommon. He succeeds an anti-Parnellite who in the last election was returned by a good majority.

Labor Commissioner Carroll D. Wright's coming bi-monthly labor bulletins will be of great interest to workmen throughout the country. They will not be devoted to the discussion of theories, but will contain the latest facts about the condition of labor in this and other countries. Thus they will afford constant food for thought, without trying to force conclusions.

In a short time, unless some unexpected obstacle intervenes, more than one-half the civil servants of the Government will be under the control of the Civil Service Commission. It was thought that this great and desirable change could be brought about by new laws alone, but it is now believed that it can be accomplished simply by order of the President. It would bring three new classes—the three hundred officials in the Consular service, the seventy thousand postmasters, and twenty thousand laborers employed on public works—under the competitive examination system; would prevent the removal of appointees by any "spoils" faction; and would do wonders for political morality. President Cleveland is a warm supporter of the proposed extension.

Bulgaria's open sympathy with Macedonia is likely to receive some little attention from the Turk ere long. Then the Russian bear will begin to show his teeth.

Charles R. Flint, the well-known New York merchant, recently stated in an interview in London that in his contact with leading financial authorities he has found that, while nobody believed that the United States would fail to sustain the gold standard, the continued silver agitation in America was causing Europeans to prefer other investments than those in the United States.

It appears that German watering-places have a Deputy Commissioner, who is a kind of miniature Czar. One of these functionaries, at Kissingen, forbade the son of a visiting American citizen to attend the public ball at the watering-place, on the ground that he was too young. The son went to the ball none the less, his father asserting that he was over the age required, whereupon the Deputy Commissioner caused the father's arrest for insulting him and defying his authority, and he had to furnish ten thousand marks bail. This shows a curious conception of the obligations of hospitality.

The project of having an engagement, in connection with the coming manoeuvres of the North Atlantic Squadron, in which the two old monitors, "Ajax" and "Lehigh," shall be attacked by the new types of war vessel, just as if they were a hostile fleet, will awaken many memories of the time when the "Yankee armored cheese-boxes" were giving an excellent account of themselves. It is doubtful whether vessels of the monitor type could cope with the vessels of to-day; but the manoeuvres would give an excellent chance to study the effect of heavy gun fire upon turret ships.

The trouble with the Bannock Indians seems to arise from an unwillingness on the part of the whites in Wyoming to respect the Federal Government's treaty with the Indians, because it practically exempts the red men from the operation of the Wyoming game laws. Wyoming, being erected into a State, adopts a stringent law for the protection of big game. The Indians say: "Our treaties with Uncle Sam are anterior to your laws; you cannot touch us." Hence the quarrel—and bloodshed. I am surprised to find so able and well-informed a person as Senator Dubois of Idaho approving the wild threats of Wyoming citizens to try nullification.

"An American traveler," writing in the *New York Sun*, thinks that Italy will not be a very effective ally for England. She will, he says, in the words of a noted Russian with whom he talked, "hesitate before incurring the enmity of a gigantic Empire (Russia) which has the power now to set in motion, by a touch on the diplomatic wires between St. Petersburg and Paris, the strongest naval force in Europe, and five millions of armed men."

Henry M. Stanley, speaking at the International Geographical Congress in London the other day, remarked that the study of scientific geography was in no sense necessary for the purposes of colonization. The Pilgrim Fathers, he added, knew nothing of scientific geography, nor did Cortes, nor Pizarro, nor Cecil Rhodes. Cautious pioneering is, he says, the surest way to successful colonization.

The latest portrait of Lord Rosebery will cause a painful surprise to his admirers. He has aged wonderfully fast, and there is a fixed stare in his eyes which shows that insomnia sorely wounded him. The portrait furnishes all the proof necessary that the ex-Premier requires a long period of absolute repose.

Colonel North, the nitrate magnate who has settled in England, proposes to create a magnificent watering-place between Ostend and the parish of Mariakerke on the Belgian coast, and has offered King Leopold of Belgium, who owns the territory, one and a half million dollars for the necessary land.

The island of Trinidad, which Great Britain has been proposing to take as a station for a submarine cable to the Rio de la Plata, is the isle which Baron Hardy-Hickey "adopted," establishing himself there as "James the First." His "Chancellor" has just protested to our State Department against the English invasion.

Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher died in Brooklyn July 28, in his ninety-second year. He was the third son of the famous Dr. Lyman Beecher by his first wife, and brother of the late Henry Ward Beecher. All through his life he was an active advocate of the manly sports. When he was past eighty-five, he was run over by a train and had one leg crushed so that amputation was necessary. But in a few weeks he was about again, as active as usual.

An exhibition of the products of California has been attracting great attention in Berlin.

Alfred M. Wood, ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, and Colonel in command of the Fourteenth Regiment during the war, died July 28. For sixteen years previous to 1894 he had been Consul at Castellamare in Italy.

The well-known writer, Jerome K. Jerome, has just recovered twenty-five hundred dollars' damages from a railroad company, which, by establishing a new station on his premises, compelled him to give up his little home near London.

Thomas Carlyle's old home in Chelsea, London, has been opened as a Carlyle museum with relics and memorials of the great man.

The Carnegie Company has sold its wire nail mills in Beaver Falls, Pa., to the Consolidated Steel and Wire Company of Chicago. This is the first instance of a sale by the Carnegie Company of a plant bearing its name.

The Republican State Committee of this State favors the candidacy of Governor Levi P. Morton for the Presidency.

A heroic equestrian statue of General Winfield Scott Hancock is to be erected in Washington. It is the work of J. H. Ellieott. The bronze casting will cost fifty thousand dollars.

Elith Millicent Bronson was married at Venice recently, to Cosimo, Count Rucellai. Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, performed the ceremony. Miss Bronson is the only child of Mrs. Arthur Bronson, daughter of the late Commodore De Kay, and sister to Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder and to Charles De Kay, United States Consul at Berlin.

The wife of a janitor in Washington found in the attic of an office building two one thousand-dollar bills, which had been torn in two, and the pieces pasted together. She handed the bills to a gentleman for an opinion as to their genuineness, and he turned them over to the Treasury officials. The Treasury expressed the opinion that the bills had been stolen. And now the janitor and his wife talk of suing the Treasury to recover their "treasure trove."

General Anson G. McCook, who has accepted the office of City Chamberlain of this city, had a highly creditable war record, and, as secretary of the United States Senate for ten years, demonstrated his eminent fitness for official station.

The young Czar has revived an old scheme for connecting the Baltic and the White Sea by a ship canal like that at Kiel, only smaller, and to cost but ten million roubles.

Simon Wormser, of the famous firm of S. & L. Wormser, died in this city recently. Mr. Wormser was said to be worth ten million dollars. His fortune was largely due to his imperturbable coolness. Some years ago one of the younger members of his firm got to speculating on his own account, and dropped five hundred thousand dollars, it is said, of the firm's money in Reading. When it came out, the other partners were disturbed, all but Simon, who said: "Boys will be boys; let us wipe it off from the books."

The new armored cruiser "Brooklyn," sister to the "New York," will be launched at the Cramps' shipyard in Philadelphia about mid-August.

It is said that the seventy odd thousand dollars paid into the United States Treasury on account of the income tax will be refunded some time during the present month.

The great boom in iron is the best proof of the resumption of business prosperity. Everything else also indicates that good times are at hand again.

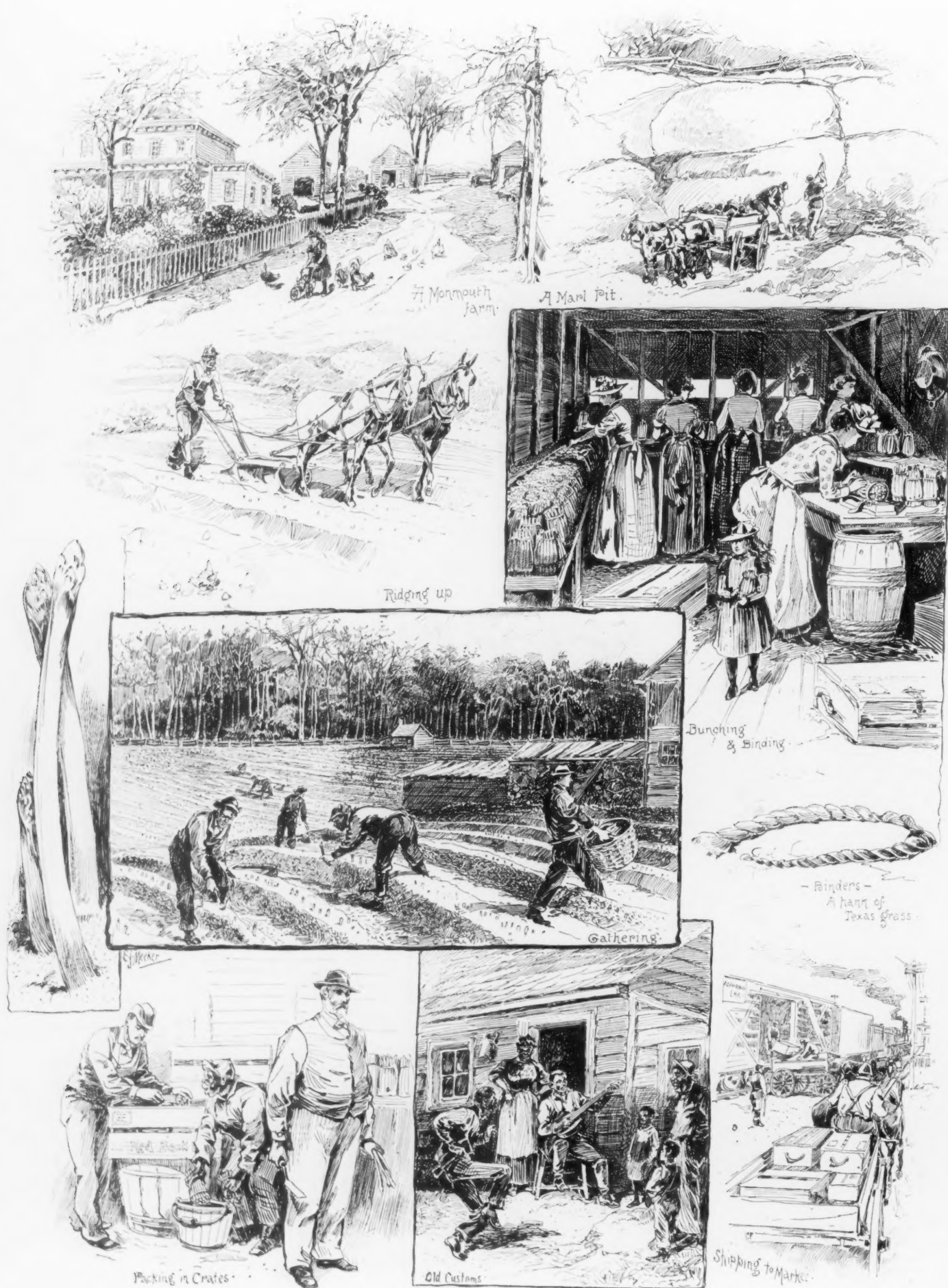
The venerable Duke of Argyll is married again to a young cousin, Ima Erskine McNeill, who is one of the Queen's "extra bedchamber women."

A dreadful "sea serpent" captured in the Sound, near this city, turned out to be a poor old dime-museum anaconda, which looked as if it had died of starvation.

Bishop Howe, of the Central Pennsylvania Protestant Episcopal Church, died at his summer home in Bristol, R. I., July 31.

Carlo Valerio, the millionaire manufacturer of Milan, and generally accounted the finest horseman in Europe, is dead. He claimed to understand horse language, and used to talk with his steeds by the hour, saying that their "answers" were intelligible.

Richard M. Hunt, the eminent architect of this city, died at Newport July 31. The last work which he did was to complete "The Breakers," Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's magnificent villa. Mr. Hunt was president of the American Institute of Architects. He was a younger brother of William Morris Hunt, the distinguished painter. He studied in Paris, under Lefuel, and under his supervision the new building connecting the Louvre and Tuileries palaces was planned and erected.



THE CULTIVATION OF ASPARAGUS AT OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.



BASILICA OF ST. PETERS AND VATICAN



CHAPEL AT THE VATICAN



THE CHAMBERLAIN READING TO THE POPE



THE POPE AT BREAKFAST.



THE POPE GIVING AUDIENCE TO AN AMBASSADOR.



LOGGIA OF RAPHAEL, VATICAN

POPE LEO XIII. AT THE VATICAN.



CITY SILHOUETTES:

THE TRAGEDY OF JOE.

BY EDWARD KING.

WHEN Joe had finished washing his hands, had carefully dried them on the little cotton towel, and turned to give a final glance of inspection at the long and narrow basement barber shop, before "closing up" for the night, it seemed to him as if something suddenly grew very loose in the back of his neck.

He put up his fist with an uneasy gesture, like one warding off a blow.

Strange colors danced before his eyes. The atmosphere of the shop, laden with pungent scent of soaps, odors of bay rum and hair tonic and cosmetic inextricably mingled, so oppressed him that he could hardly breathe.

He leaned against the marble toilet-stand, and wondered if the departing barbers noticed his weakness. Fritz nodded cheerily with his accustomed *gute nacht*. Wilhelm smiled, and said, "Day-day, Joe." Peter winked at him, as he lighted his cigar. One by one they climbed the stone steps into Fulton Street and disappeared.

The "boss" was seated behind his little desk, counting up the money. It was pay night, and presently he said in his deep guttural voice: "Come, Sho," and held out the weekly stipend.

Joe looked at the bill. It seemed miles away. And how it danced! What a strong draft there must be to blow it about like that! Yet all the doors were closed.

All at once he felt lighter, and a strong desire came upon him to skip across the floor and to cut a pirouette in front of the boss's desk.

The room expanded. The ceiling rose. He seemed to be wandering in a valley at the base of the Apennines, down where they send out a sharp spur toward the violet sea.

And was that the vesper chime which he heard, filling the air with music?

Now the ceiling lowered again. No; it was not the call to vespers. It was the bell of the Bleecker Street car as it slipped past the shop on the humming rail.

"Come, Sho," said the boss's voice again, and with a mighty effort the poor bootblack started on what he thought an adventurous voyage across the shop.

To his surprise, after the apparent lapse of but a moment or two, he found himself alone. The gas was out. Joe had his hand on the door. The boss had paid him and had departed. Joe even remembered, a little vaguely, that he had said, not unkindly:

"Dot doctor was a big boomboog, Sho. Vy you tink so much von dot foolishness? Better you give dot up. Dot do you some mischief!"

Yes—that was it! The doctor. It was what he had said. Since then he had not been happy. He leaned against the door and put out his hands in a despairing way.

What if it were true, as the cruel doctor had said, that "he would be dead in a year"? In a year—and he had said it ten months ago. In a year! And this sudden, terrible thing at the back of his neck. Was that the beginning?

Joe felt like sinking down in a heap upon the floor. But from sheer force of habit he rallied. He opened the door and went out, making all fast behind him.

Then he climbed the steps and sped away to Mott Street.

And as he went up under the platform of the roaring "L," and was jostled by the people hurrying home to their suppers, he heard the prophecy of the doctor ringing in his ears:

"Too much work. Not the right kind of food. Too bad air. Put all your small affairs in order, for you will be dead in a year."

The wheels of the cars on the elevated roadway re-echoed the words: "Dead in a year—Dead in a year!" Joe was frightened. He furtively extended one hand behind him, with the fingers outspread like one who dreads the evil eye.

For twenty years Joe had been, for the better part of the time, upon his knees—at polishing shoes, not at prayer. Yet the good monks of old said that "To labor is to pray." If that be true, Joe was devout.

A thin slip of a boy, with a round head covered with black hair, with face set in the half-savage *ricius* which immemorial generations of poverty have stamped upon the Italian peasant—Joe fell eagerly into his place.

An immense joy lit up his life when he succeeded a relative in this business—which would enable him, long before he was old, to go home to Italy as a *signore*.

In the shadowed corner of the barber shop, deep down under the great old-fashioned stone hotel, where the spray of the mighty current of travel down Fulton Street dashed all around him, he dived terribly through winter slump and summer heat.

His head was baked under a huge gas light for half a generation. He breathed the foul air of the stifling corner, but neither that nor the wind and dust of the street, rank with germs of disease, which flew in particles all around him, seemed to affect him.

He knelt to his toil. He arose. A hand gave him five cents, which he put in his pocket. This was his life.

From long habit of gazing at the two feet placed before him on the foot-rests of the patent chair, he grew gradually to take note of little else. He rarely glanced at the faces of people. Their characters he read by the pose of their feet. He could discern nationality in shoe leather. A finely made shoe elicited his warmest admiration.

The great merchants of the "Swamp" all knew Joe. They liked to joke with him or around him, for Joe participated in the fun with only a respectful "Yes, sir," or "No, sir."

To him, his "customers," rich or poor, American, German, Irish or Greek, were but so many pairs of feet. As the five-cent pieces clashed together in his pocket,

Joe blessed the feet which brought them to him. By and by nickels accumulated so that he dared no longer store them in his Mott Street lodging. The local "toughs" twice attempted to rob him.

So he changed the pennies for bills, which he carried in his pockets until they began to wear out. This frightened him, and he reluctantly took them to a savings bank.

At first he used to keep a daily supervision on the bank. Gradually his confidence grew. The money grew, too. Year by year the bulk of his earnings went into the bank. Even after he had married, and had two children, his daily expenses were microscopic. Mott Street is a region of economies. The frugal Celestial is a wonder of thrift. But the hoarding Italian breaks the economic record of the poor. A discarded cabbage leaf makes him a savory soup. Scraps and macaroni furnish forth a sumptuous stew. Bread, brought in immense bundles on the heads of old women from the Italian bakeries in the recesses of Williamsburg, is cheap; and the diluted wine of which the Italian soberly partakes when at work, and of which he drinks floods when at play, is cheaper than in Italy. A mutton chop at Delmonico's costs more than Joe spent for meat in a week.

His lodging? To him it seemed comfortable. To reach it he climbed a ladder-like staircase between two bare brick walls; then groped along a passage where unshaven Italians in huge black hats and velvet coats with leg-of-mutton sleeves, and exiguous trousers into which the legs seemed to have been melted and run as into a mold, were always whispering together.

Gliding between these mysterious groups of his newly arrived compatriots awaiting work at the hands of the padrone, Joe reached his home—a box-like room with a huge high bed in one corner; a crudely colored picture of the Madonna, with the blessed Bambino in her arms, over the small table on which primitive eating utensils were ever ready. Joe was a good husband and father. But the whole family pinched together; and when father, mother or children felt for a moment like complaining, the vision of the future home in the little town on the spur of the Apennines hard by the violet sea arose and brought comfort with it.

The honest heart of Joe swelled with pride when some newcomer from the region of Italy where his father and brother lived called him "Signore Giuseppe," and alluded to his coming rich and prosperous return to buy lands adjacent to the family farms. After such spiritual refreshment Joe would return to the barber shop and fairly throw himself upon his knees with joy to brush away at the work which was to furnish him so glorious a future.

Twelve hours every week day, and half the day Sunday, Joe toiled terribly. His only excursions were to the roof of the hotel where the boss had the privilege of drying his towels. Sometimes, coming out suddenly on the breezy sun-illuminated flat roof, from his pestilential corner in the basement far below, Joe would feel a sudden contracting and expanding within his compact little skull, and then for a few minutes he would be dizzy.

But he would restore himself by leaning on the wooden railing, watching the great black steamships taking their silent way seaward, and meditating on the day when he and his would be sailing toward the violet sea.

Like many peasant Italians who have been long in New York, Joe spoke English more correctly than he could speak his own language. But his round was narrow; and if you had talked to him of any subject outside his daily life, your English would have been as unintelligible to him as his mountain patois to you.

His boss being a German, Joe had even learned something of the Teutonic tongue. He pronounced the words in a quaint staccato fashion, which, aided by a slight lisp, rendered them inexpressibly comical.

After twenty years of kneeling and brushing, Joe had three thousand dollars in bank, which is more than many a "hustler" in Wall Street can show at the end of a similar period.

Joe never bet on horse races, nor bought scaly stocks. His only dissipation was an occasional investment in the lottery in some Italian city. When he found that he never won, he renounced even that modest venture.

Thus stood Giuseppe, known to thousands as "Joe"—when the hand of Fate smote him.

One hot and humid summer day, when baking Fulton Street sent forth unsavory odors; when the truck horses crawled with abject air along Water Street, and the frying truckmen were too exhausted to swear at them; when the white-jacketed barbers swung the grateful palm-leaf above the heated brow of the customer, and a titillating odor of brilliantine drove the flies half mad with desire—Joe felt as if the largest possible pair of Dutch Number Elevens were dancing upon his bare brain. He struggled into an empty bathroom at the rear of the shop, and there he fell down "all in a heap."

When he recovered his senses all the barbers and several of his old customers were standing over him. Each one told him that he was very ill, and looked strangely changed, and each recommended him to see a doctor without delay.

"Maybe you got a sunstroke, Sho," said his "boss." Joe was carried home, and lay in a state of nervous prostration for several days before he would consent to hear of medical advice. But one day he suddenly arose, called for a bowl of soup, drank it, huddled on his clothes, and rushed, with fever in his looks, to the office of a certain doctor not far away.

An hour later he came back, haggard, delirious, and throwing himself upon the bed, slept for half a day. Nor wail of children, nor plaint of wife could wake him.

When at last he awoke, he called for warm water, and washed his hands with greatest care. He arose, seemingly much better, ate and drank, and told his wife that he thought of buying some house property in Harlem, "and perhaps a certain block that I know in Eighth Avenue also," he added.

His wife held her breath and watched him with dilated eyes. Something in his manner frightened her. Joe bought no houses. He returned to his daily

kneeling, but his hand failed; his gaze grew listless; he was tortured by some physical or mental malady.

One day, after all the others had gone, he confided to the "boss" that he intended to return to Italy, taking his family with him. "I am going home to buy a place for my wife," he said.

Then he confessed that he had consulted an Italian doctor, who had brutally told him that he had worked too much, and not taken proper care of himself, and that he would better put all his affairs in order, for he would be dead in a year.

"I know," said Joe; "consumption—that go quick. I take my little money and buy a place in Italy, near my folks, for my wife and children. Then if I live, I come back here. If I die, why I get planted out there, all right."

The accent of profound despair in these words struck the boss to the heart. He took the doctor's address, went to him, and gave him a severe scolding for frightening Joe.

The doctor raised one lean hand, and agitated it in the air, with the fingers widely spread apart—an eloquent gesture, well calculated to convey to the mind of the intervening boss the idea that he made the medical man weary.

"Madonna!" he said, "what would you have me tell the poor man? A lie? It is better to warn him to put all his affairs in shape. Because if he is not dead and buried in a year, he will at least be dead here." And he tapped his forehead significantly. "Poor man! Badly nourished, and centuries of starved stomachs and brains behind it. He is not to blame, *poverino!* He is a victim. But watch and see if my prediction," and again he tapped his forehead, "was not true."

The boss went away, abashed and disturbed.

Joe got leave of absence from the boss, drew his money from the bank, took ship with his little brood to Italy, and for a long time was heard of no more. The "Swamp" merchants asked after him. They felt kindly toward Joe because he knew a good piece of leather when he saw it.

The year died out, and a new spring deepened into a new summer before Joe returned. One evening he came slowly down the stone steps into the old barber shop—white and haggard, and covered with cheap jewelry.

He had lost one child in Italy, but the wife and the other were safe at home again, and might he go to work? He didn't like the old country. All that they wanted out there was to get your money away from you.

"Vell, you go to work in de morning, Sho," said the boss.

Back to Mott Street went the little family, and Joe placed his deteriorated fortune in the bank. He muttered strangely to himself, and shook his hands and laughed, as he went about his work in the shop.

"I hope you didn't spend all your boodle over there among them Eye-tallians, Joe," said Fritz, as he tested a razor which he was sharpening for a client.

"Oh, that don't make no difference," said Joe, cheerfully. "I don't care if I lose all my money. You know I goin' to marry Jay Gould's daughter."

The barbers laughed.

"Yes, that's so," said Joe. "One, two, three; Gould and me. I goin' to marry Jay Gould's daughter."

Then he fell on his knees with his old energy before the boots of a ferry pilot, and polished them till they served as a mirror to reflect the pilot's fiery red face.

It was on that night that the dreadful something came loose in the back of his neck.

The next morning Joe stole away from his wife's side, and, dressing hastily, went down to open the barber shop an hour earlier than usual.

When the boss came in, he found tied to one of the chairs a fine greyhound.

"Who leave dot dog here, Sho?" said the boss. "That's one I bought. I goin' to send him to Mr. Vanderbilt this afternoon for a little present."

"Better tie him in de bathroom, Sho. He get in de way here." The boss's voice trembled, and he looked sharply at Joe, who did as requested, and then went up the steps and wandered off through the sunshine.

As he went along it struck him that the fronts of the houses on Fulton Street were all lined with gold, and the pavement was of silver. He stooped and felt of one of the stones. If only it were not so big—he would put it in his pocket.

An easy way to get rich. But what did he want of other people's money? Had he not millions on millions of his own? Why black boots any more? Absurd! Only the *canaglia* blacked shoes and boots. But he must really go home and tell his wife that he was going to visit the Goulds. Yes—yes—oh, *sicuro!* But it would not do to tell her of his coming marriage. No, Sant' Antonio di Padova, bigamy! Think of that! Yet a marriage with millions!—No, he would black no more boots! Gold—gold—on the houses—all gold!

And cocking his hat over one ear, Joe sauntered unconsciously among the hurrying pedestrians, humming this little refrain:

"One, two, three,

Gould and me!

"Yes, I marry Jay Gould's daughter!"

Joe is as comfortable as can be expected in the great asylum for the insane on Ward's Island. He talks all day, and sometimes he shouts all night—and his mind runs on the marriage with millions. He may live ten years, and he may be gone six months hence. He is incurable.

There are few more pathetic types among the great cosmopolitan city's unfortunate ones than that of the little Italian bootblack, arrested in the full tide of his humble prosperity by the insidious malady born of the privations and oppressions inflicted upon his forefathers, and condemned henceforth aimlessly to croon, in the ward of an insane asylum, his strange song of—

"One, two, three,

Gould and me!"

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It cures acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, soothes teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

THE French are about to cut another great canal—this time between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea; and while they are doing it they will sigh many a time and oft for the grand old engineer and diplomat De Lesseps, who achieved glory at Suez, and narrowly escaped losing it at Panama. This new water route will give the French a passage from one sea to the other, without going around Spain, and entirely upon their own territory. This was one of M. de Lesseps's favorite ideas, and his memory is invoked to insure for the enterprise prestige and success. There is no danger that his name will be forgotten for centuries to come.

It is not beyond the language of truth and soberness to say that the career of Ferdinand de Lesseps was one of the most illustrious of modern times. His life covering almost the entire century up to this period, he was old enough to apprehend the dramatic features and political consequences of the battle of Waterloo and the subsequent great events which have changed the destinies of nearly every Power on the Eastern Continent. Since he first began to understand the significance of things there has been an unparalleled series of discoveries and inventions, all of more moment and practical utility than those which went before since the tenth century, and to him perhaps was intrusted the task of being the father of the greatest of these events which marked a distinct era in our time; that is to say, he completely revolutionized the commerce of the world, in a feat which challenged the genius and resources of the Caesars, and which could only have been possible to a man of great perseverance, profound genius and matchless nerve. The utilization of the Suez Canal for commerce and the results to the well-being of mankind which have followed could not be compared, possibly, to any other great achievements of the century. We have had the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels, the Union Pacific Railway, the application of steam to land and ocean transportation, the discovery and development of the telegraph and telephone, the cotton gin and the mower and reaper; but it will be perceived that the development of these to their degree of present success can hardly be attributed to the mastery of one man. It is otherwise with the Suez Canal. Had there been no De Lesseps there would have been no international waterway between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. And it may be said, too, that the very fact, aside from its utility to commerce, of the piercing of this canal has been one of the strongest allies to peace that could be guaranteed to the Eastern world. Its construction and navigation, the subsequent purchase of a majority of its shares by Disraeli, in the interest of the Anglo-Indian Empire, gave a security, yet unbroken, that the long dreaded invasion of India by Russia would not precipitate a general European war that might last for a generation.

M. de Lesseps's epitaph should be, "TO HIM WHO PARTED TWO CONTINENTS TO UNITE THE COMMERCE OF THE WORLD."

To Americans particularly, the career and aspirations of De Lesseps, notably his relations to the ill-fated Panama Canal, are highly interesting. It will be recalled that when the Panama scheme presented its roseate hues, M. De Lesseps visited New York, accompanied by his beautiful wife and children, in the winter of 1880, at which time many public honors and private receptions were bestowed upon him and his family, none of which was more significant and hearty than that which took place in the rooms of the Geographical Society in West Twenty-ninth Street. There were gathered the most distinguished citizens, engineers, architects, geographers and explorers, and some of the fairest of New York's ladies accustomed to entertain. It was then that his striking personality, his *suaviter in modo*, enhanced by his *fortiter in re*—both of which always stood him in good stead—were apparent in the close contact had with the veteran in the limited space allotted to the entertainment. The direct result of this reception was an instant connection with the capitalists of America, who furnished many millions of francs which were, alas! sunk in the disastrous Panama fiasco.

M. De Lesseps was of noble birth, a viscount, and was born in Versailles November 19, 1805, thus making him eighty-eight years of age—a span of life covering the most important events of modern times, including wars, inventions, the development of new forces, the readjustment of geographical boundaries and the inauguration of an era, yet uncompleted, fruitful in all that amazes the mind and bewilders the human understanding.

Of his early mental training we know little, save that he received that home instruction so common in French households. There was nothing in his boyhood to show a marked personality, a dormant genius, or even a strong intellectual bent. His noble birth precluded his embracing the mechanic arts, and he went into that kind of employment so congenial to those in France of gentle birth—diplomacy. At twenty years of age we find him attached to the French consulate at Lisbon, and three years later to that in Tunis. After the submission of Algiers to French subjugation he was charged with securing the surrender of the Bey of Constantine, and in 1831 he went to Egypt, where at three different times he was temporary Consul-General at Alexandria. He obtained from that great warrior, Ibrahim Pasha—during the occupation of Syria by the latter, wherein this military chieftain showed that he was not only a great soldier but one of the most cruel butchers who ever dominated in the East—protection for the Christians there, and did much toward re-establishing peace between that still greater Moslem chieftain, Mahomet Ali, and the Sultan. This was a daring and successful piece of diplomacy on the part of so young a man in that branch of the French service; and it naturally goes to show the wonderful elasticity, tact, yet resolution and forcefulness, of De Lesseps's mind when confronted by a knotty and intricate problem. And it was such a training, a knowledge of Oriental ways, deceptions, cunning and corruption, that enabled him in after years to lay the foundations for the successful cutting through of the Suez Canal.

In 1839 we find him at Malaga, and in 1842 at Barcelona. Here again he was enabled to become familiar with Moorish character, with its admixture of Spanish blood, during periods of war and revolution. During

the bombardment of Barcelona by Espartero in the same year he rendered great service to the sufferers of all nations, for it was one of the chief characteristics of De Lesseps that he was gentle and tender to a marked degree; indeed, it was a certain effeminacy in his mental make-up and outward bearing that made him the successful diplomat he was. Yet this quality must not be considered in him a weakness, for during that eventful time he frequently exposed his life in the course of the fighting to save the lives of others; his energetic remonstrance postponed the bombardment for several days, and when it did take place, he hired vessels and personally superintended the removal of the fugitives. For acts like these he received decorations from the Governments of France, Sardinia, the two Sicilies, Sweden, the Netherlands and Spain. The Chamber of Commerce of Marseilles sent him a complimentary address, while that of Barcelona placed his bust in their great hall. Remember, this was nearly half a century ago.

The Revolution of France in 1848 materially changed his career. He was promoted and sent to Madrid as Minister. Soon he was displaced in favor of Prince Napoleon Joseph Bonaparte, in 1849, and was thereafter appointed to Switzerland; sent the same year to Italy, where he was expected to perform the delicate task of restoring order in the Papal dominions and preventing liberal excesses from interfering in the establishment of a regular Government. His instructions were far from explicit, but the liberalism which he evinced in stipulating that the Roman people should be free to choose their own Government was not agreeable to the French Cabinet, and he was recalled.

In 1854 we find him in Egypt, on the invitation of that physical giant, the new Viceroy, Said Pasha, who among modern Egyptian princes was the first to undertake the idea of the ancients of piercing the Isthmus of Suez and uniting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea as a highway of international commerce. This was the inception of the Suez Canal as it exists to-day. He thoroughly examined the material laid before him for a canal across the Isthmus, and, although not an engineer by education or training, drew up a memorial on the subject, entitled "Piercing the Isthmus of Suez as Shown by Official Documents," giving full details of the enterprise. Upon this presentation Said Pasha granted him a charter for ninety-nine years for the establishment of a stock company for the construction of the canal, to be called "The Universal Maritime Company of the Suez Canal." Abandoning all other pursuits, and with an enthusiasm always akin to forceful genius, and with amazing energy and perseverance, he began the work in 1859. Quite as many difficulties then arose confronting him as beset his second grand enterprise, the Panama Canal. Eminent English engineers, among them Robert Stephenson, pool-pooled the practicability of the enterprise. The British Government, as usual in all things not undertaken for the political advancement of its colonial empire, regarded it with suspicion, and particularly as it made a short marine highway in the direction of her possessions in India and the Far East, and the British Government therefore refused to give it encouragement, while various complications arose with both Turkish and Egyptian Cabinets. De Lesseps, however, triumphed over all obstacles, and the proudest day of his life, August 15, 1869, he had the delight and satisfaction of seeing the waters of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean mingle in the Bitter Lakes and the dream of nineteen centuries fulfilled—a feat which the Caesars in vain attempted with all the resources of the Roman Empire. The canal was formally opened on the 17th of November, 1869, with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of the beautiful Empress of the French, then in the heyday of her glory; the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia, Prince Amadeus, Prince William of Orange and distinguished personages from all quarters of the world.

M. De Lesseps was now decorated by nearly all the sovereigns of the world. In 1870, the Paris Geographical Society awarded him the Empress's Prize of ten thousand francs, and in the following July the freedom of the city of London was presented to him in a diamond-studded casket.

De Lesseps, with the natural enthusiasm of his strong Gallic organization, and inflamed by the great success of this marvelous achievement, now went into wild and impossible schemes. Any sublimary project he treated with almost contemptuous indifference. Perhaps this may be excused in him; for have not other geniuses bitten off more than they could chew? Did not Napoleon go to Moscow? Did not Lee get up to Gettysburg? Among his airy schemes at that time was the conversion of the Desert of Sahara into an inland sea; but more reasonable, and in fact possible, than this was his project for a ship canal through the Isthmus of Corinth to connect the Gulfs of Lepanto and Equina, now actually under way. In 1874 he proposed a Central Asian railway to unite the South of Europe with India, an enterprise almost identical with which is now in process of construction. Of course, Anglo-Indian politics is a great factor in an overland railway welding together Russian territory and Russian influence; but the British people as a rule are not unfavorable to this scheme. De Lesseps, however, was never a factor in the enterprise.

Passing over De Lesseps's activities in other fields, we come to the closing and dramatic event of his wonderful career; viz., the Panama Canal. Any commentator would indeed be devoid of the first instincts of humanity, indeed of decency, who would indulge in any harsh words against the pitiable octogenarian whose life ended in misery and gloom, notwithstanding the great works that he had done for mankind. As well might a writer pour hot shot into the memory of Cyrus W. Field because of the nefarious transactions of his unfortunate son or bespatter the memory of General Grant because of the rascality of Ferdinand Ward, *et al.* Let us look kindly at the career, wound up at the age of eighty-eight, into which no domestic scandal had ever crept and to which no pecuniary dishonor had ever been attached. Whatever the woes of De Lesseps, they were not of his making, but the conception and device of others. The Panama Canal is still before the public mind. The condemnation and imprisonment of his son Charles, the subsequent annulment of the sentence by the appellate tribunal, the wide corruption of officials in France extending to the Cabinet and almost to the head of the

nation itself, the thousands of lives ruthlessly slaughtered on the Isthmus, the Americans of distinction implicated in the vast swindle, the melancholy wreck of machinery, engines, scows, habitations of men—these all belong to a picture of scandalous robbery before unknown in our time; and we can only say here that if the Panama Canal ever be built, it will not be in this generation. All concessions have expired, and it is not probable that money would be found even in gullible France to renew such a wild and visionary enterprise.

Finally, let it be said that this Frenchman of incomparable intellectual stature, gifted with a noble simplicity of nature, added to the rarer domestic virtues seen in such conspicuous characters as Gladstone and Bismarck, battling with mighty political forces and contending with seemingly insuperable natural and engineering obstacles, caught in a cyclone of fraud and hypocrisy, betrayed by men on whom he had depended for assistance and support, went to his grave unaccompanied by accusation, stainless in his tumultuous life and honored by the civilized world.

THE FIRST SOUTHERN VICTIM IN THE CIVIL WAR.

VIRGINIA can claim the distinction of having been the chief battleground of the Confederacy. Her fields are made historic by the armies that watered her sod with the blood of thousands who perished in defense of their principles. She has also the right to say that it was one of her sons who was the first to fall in the defense of what the South believed to be her rights. And for thirty-five years the hero has been sleeping in the little cemetery at Warrenton.

Young Captain John Quincy Marr had just finished his education at the best colleges in his State and had



THE MONUMENT TO THE FIRST SOUTHERNER WHO FELL IN THE CIVIL WAR.

recently joined the Warrenton Riflemen under Colonel Ewell, when it was attacked, June 1, 1861, by a Union scouting party. In the skirmish which ensued Captain Marr was shot through the heart. This was the first actual combat of the Civil War, and Captain Marr was the first victim on the Southern side.

On the time-stained bricks of the big court-house at Fairfax are still shown the marks where the bullets flattened against them on that memorable morn, and the village which preserves the will of the Father of his Country also keeps sacred the memory of one who was "first in war" to fall for his native soil.

V. STUART MOSBY COLEMAN.

CONUNDRUMS.

ANSWER TO No. 7 IN VOL. XV., No. 11.

A SCRIPTURAL INJUNCTION.

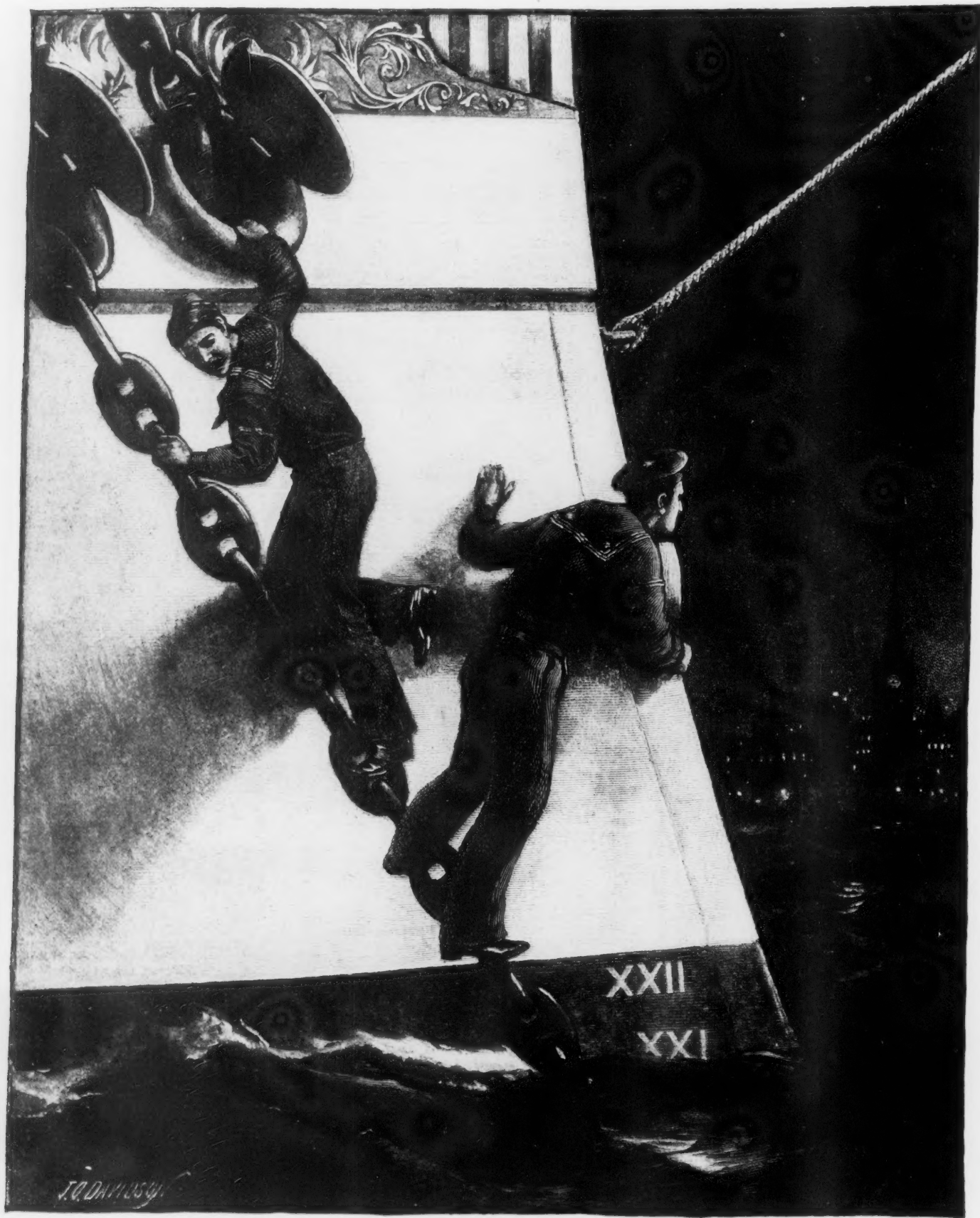
Above all these things, put on charity.—(Above all these things put on chair, 1-1.)

8.—AN ASSORTMENT OF CAPES.

(NORTH AMERICA.)

1. The cape of a fish that is very well known.
2. And of him who will bring it to land.
3. A cape that the Queen of the Kitchen may own.
4. And a cape for a month near at hand.
5. A cape for a watchman with eyes open wide.
6. The cape that is fit for Jack Frost.
7. The cape of a toady who honors your pride.
8. And the cape of a hope that is lost.
9. An ill-natured cape you will certainly shun.
10. The cape that in terror will win.
11. A cape well adapted to those who may run.
12. And the cape of a certain Crown Prince.
13. The cape that is lively, and always astir.
14. A cape of a luminous glistery.
15. Two capes made alike, of a very rich fur.
16. And the cape of poor Fatima's sister.
17. The cape for a day that is sunny and bright.
18. And for one with a dark, stormy sky.
19. A cape for a man who can never wash white.
20. With this cape, for the present, good-by.

—32 C. E.



DESERTING SHIP.

JACK TAR has an irresistible longing for the shore at times, and gratifies it if he can, even at the price of desertion. On a dark night, when the good ship to which he belongs is anchored in a home port, he climbs into the chains, and slips out into the waves, determined to swim ashore, and willing to risk drowning for a few gills of fire-water. The guard sometimes gives the

alarm too late and the culprits get away and have a long carouse, at the end of which they are put in chains, and spend a few days 'tween decks, lying on a cold floor. At the Brooklyn Navy Yard the other night two suspicious splashes were heard on the outbound side of the "New York," recently returned from the Kiel festivities. A boat was lowered, and sent in pursuit of the

escaping men, one of whom would have been drowned if an officer had not risked his life to save him. Desertions are fortunately becoming more rare of late; but there are always one or two adventurous ones who will have shore liberty without asking for it; and who apparently cannot be deterred by the terrors of the regulations.

OUT in California they have tried the experiment of giving city assessors six per cent of all the money collected for taxes on personal property; and in San Francisco particularly it has worked amazingly well. He has secured very large sums, much of a character which was never collected under the old law. Out of his perquisites the assessor has to pay his little army of assistants.

You must be a brunette in Paris now, if you would look well in the costumes which all ladies wear. Old gold hair and a blonde complexion do not accord with

the fierce blues, purples and reds which Parisiennes at present affect.

THIS year's floral fête at Saratoga Springs will take place September 30.

Phrenologist—"Your bump of imagination is abnormally large, sir. You should write poetry."

Visitor—"I do write poetry. But yesterday I took a poem to an editor, and that bump you are feeling is where he hit me."

An old admiral, well known for his powers of exaggeration, at supper one night was describing a voyage.

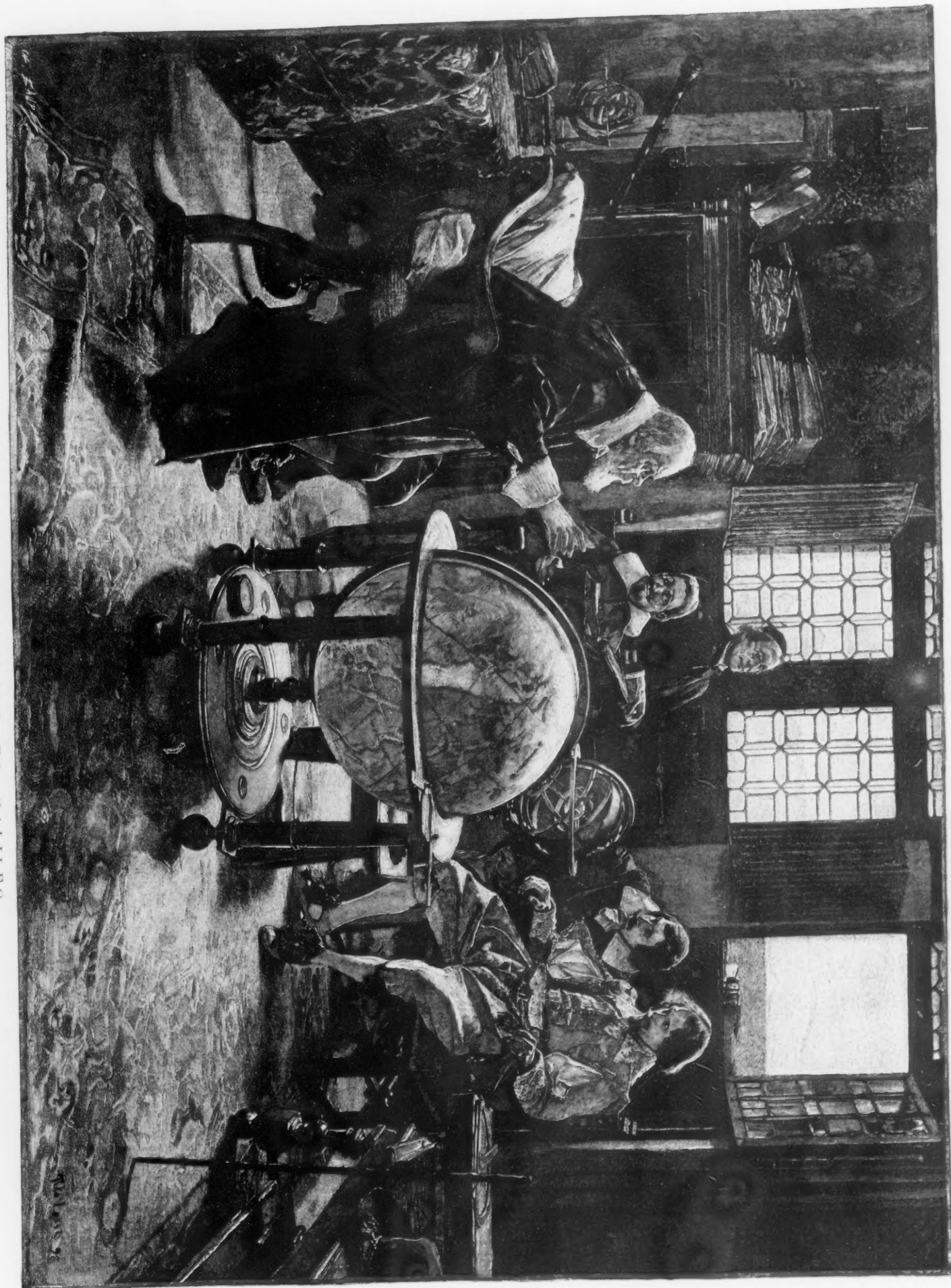
"While cruising in the Pacific," said he, "we passed an island which was positively red with lobsters."

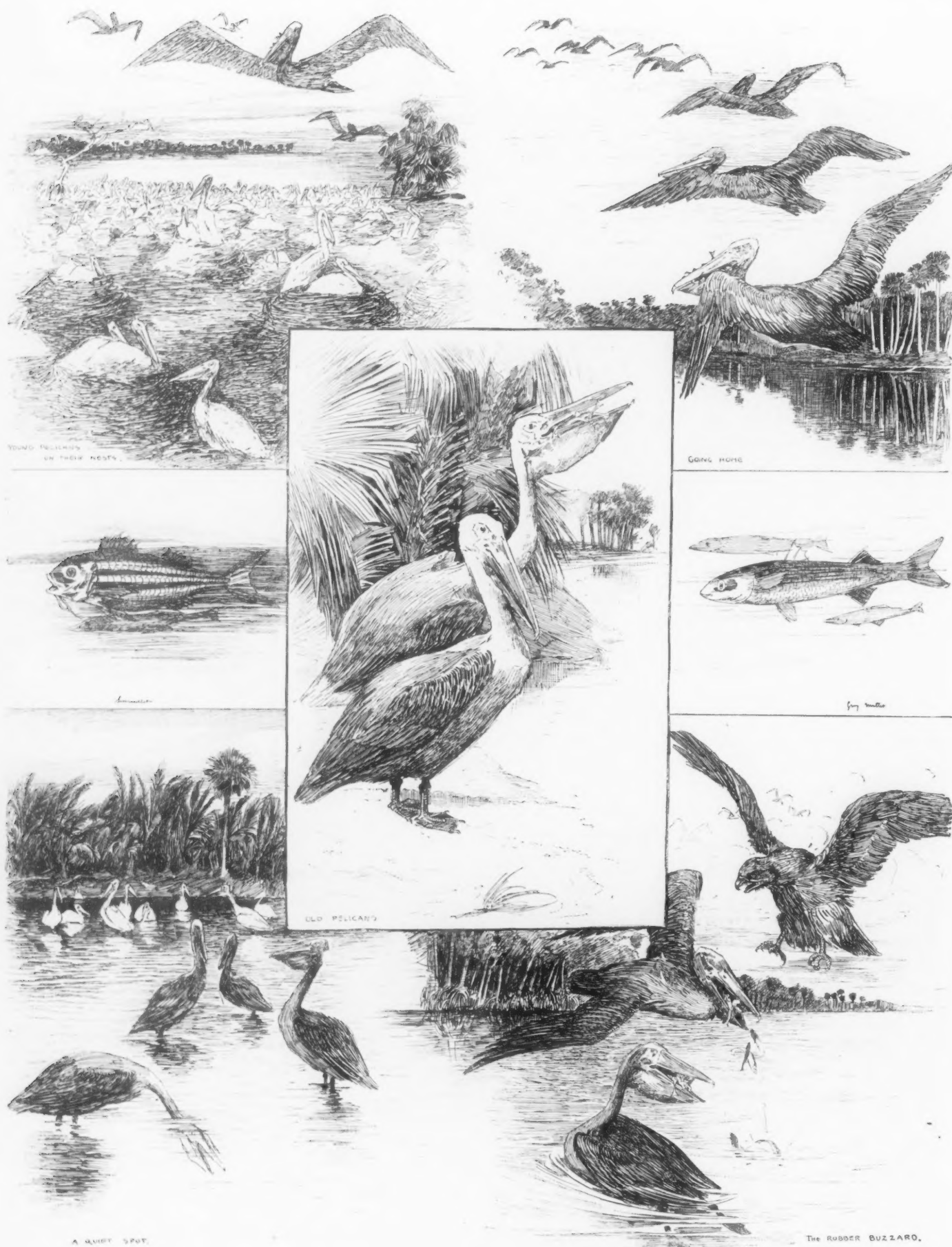
"But," said one of the guests, smiling incredulously, "lobsters are not red until boiled."

"Of course not," replied the undaunted admiral. "but this was a volcanic island with boiling springs."

ONLY one person in fifteen has perfect eyes.

THE VISIT OF MILTON TO GALILEO.





THE BROWN PELICAN OF THE FLORIDA REEF.

IN taking a cruise down the Indian River to Jupiter Inlet, while just opposite the Sebastian River, I noticed a long line of white birds on the banks. In answer to a question as to what they were our skipper replied they were pelicans, and that the island is called by the natives Pelican Island. I decided to land, much to the skipper's disgust, as the river hereabouts, though wide, is very shallow. Our sloop or houseboat was large and roomy, but drew only eighteen inches of water. Yet even on that short draught we ran on a sand or oyster bar. We threw out the anchor, to row ashore in the dingey—about a mile. The water was swarming with fish, which were continually jumping seven to ten feet out of the water, shining like flashes of silver in the golden sunshine.

About five hundred feet from shore our small, flat-bottomed boat stuck fast, and we waded the rest of the distance. I could now see what made our skipper so sour and disagreeable. We could see the birds in and along the shore very plainly. Those in the water nearest us began to feel uneasy, moving about and getting on dry land. The breeze wafted a wave of most unpleasant odor as we slowly moved along. Not until we were quite close did the pelicans move. The very difficulty of getting these birds gives them a seeming tameness. All at once, with a tremendous whirr, off they started. They ran a short distance, beaks down, and, with a sudden jerk of their immense wings, pushed themselves upward. When once above the surface, their flight is singularly bold and graceful. In fact, on

land this somewhat ugly bird seems hardly able to carry his enormous beak and waddling body; but on the wing he looks like a Viking ship, moving slowly, the picture of majestic flight.

The island is about three hundred by seven hundred feet in extent, half covered by long saw-grass, the other part bare sand, with a few tall stumps of mangrove and palm trees, leafless, and as white as snow. Everything was white. Our visit was at a most lucky season: the sand was covered with huge nests—hardly space enough left to step forward without cracking eggs or killing the very young. The nests are built of the dry saw-grass and sticks, about two feet high from the ground; three feet across. The eggs are of a rough, white limey substance, not very hard, but thick, about

the size of the egg of a goose. Many were lying outside of the nest on the ground.

The young pelican, when just out of the egg, is of a shiny black color, lying in a helpless condition, seeming to be "all beak." There were never more than two in one nest. The male bird, during the hatching season, brings a number of small fish, laying them in a row round the top of the nest. By the time the young are out the hot sun has cooked or rotted the fish, so that the very young have no difficulty in eating them. The parent birds do not feed them, but simply lay down the food, and they take it when inclination calls for it. Not until the young are old enough to catch for themselves do they eat fresh fish.

As the young mature, their shiny blackness changes to a pretty gray color, and from that they become woolly and white. Walking about the nests, their noise was something fearful, the smallest with a squeak; but as they get older the tone becomes more deep. I never heard any noise to compare with it, except in the parrot-house in the London Zoo. Even the youngest, which could hardly hold their heads up, savagely pecked at us; but the liberal use of a stout stick kept them off. We tried to capture a few full-grown ones, but they were too wary. I threw a heavy stick among a few, but with no result. We afterward found a fine old male bird lying on the beach, which had only been shot a short time, being quite warm. He had by all appearances been shot away from home. We carried him back to the small boat, the skipper gathering a bagful of eggs. On measuring this bird we found him to be eighty-seven inches across his powerful wings. His neck was a beautiful Vandyke brown, with a yellow patch on the head; the back and wings were a striped gravis brown.

The pouch of the pelican is enormously large, capable of holding two or three gallons of water or fish. He can fish well, and has not far to go for shoals of fish. In shallow water he has simply to fly down and scoop up a number in his pouch.

It was a fine sight, hundreds flying only a little distance above us, the water literally covered with them—all barking, the young ones screaming like so many little demons. Higher up were many black buzzards, waiting for a chance to steal the fish, or the very young pelicans, and often the eggs. At times the parent pelican comes home with a big supply of fish. The robber buzzard swoops down and ruffles the pelican so much that he screams with terror. The buzzard snatches the fish and off he goes.

Before we had gone many yards the old birds flew back to their nests. They are not often disturbed; in fact, the settlers did not know it was the breeding season (February 16). The pelicans are social birds, rarely seen alone, always assembling in large flocks. Where they are, fish are sure to be plentiful.

LOUIS J. RHEAD.

NEW YORK AS A YACHTING CENTRE.

NEW YORK is the headquarters of the yachting interests in this country. There are more yachts, more yachtsmen, more yacht club-houses, more dollars invested in yachts in the metropolis than in any other city in the world. The fleet of steam yachts alone is estimated to be worth about twelve million dollars. Add to that the amount of money spent on sailing boats, and you have the enormous aggregate of over thirty million dollars in this kind of sport.

The annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club is the chief event of the summer season in these waters. This year it began on July 29, with a rendezvous in the harbor at Glen Cove, and a race for sloops and schooners off Huntington Bay. The race for a special cup by the new sloop "Defender" and the "Vigilant" was a piquant feature of the occasion. On a twenty-one mile course, the "Vigilant" was beaten in light breezes by one minute and forty-nine seconds.

The parade of the yachts at Glen Cove this year gave an adequate idea of the amount of money invested in the noble sport by the New York Yacht Club. A legion of white-uniformed sailors; a forest of slender masts; an amazing collection of sloops, schooners and steamers flying the Club's burgee; a great company of sea racers lolling idly on the water, reposing before some new effort—these all prompt the spectator who sees them for the first time to marvel at the huge investment which the metropolis has made in yachting. At New London, whether the fleet generally sails each year, the scene is equally animated.

The places to see the yachts, before they are in commission, are at the different docks and yards. A visit to the docks at South Brooklyn, to the Erie Basin, and to the anchorages of the clubs about the time when yachts are preparing for the season's opening is well worth the time and trouble. The writer made a tour of inspection of this kind early this season, and it was a revelation. In front of one club-house he saw sixty yachts representing an outlay of over a million dollars. At another place he admired a new steam yacht which, when finished, will cost one hundred thousand dollars.

This new yacht was a beauty. She is one hundred and fifteen feet in length and built of steel. She has three water-tight steel bulkheads, a collision breakhead forward, and one at each end of the engine-room. The lines were very fine, a clipper bow and a graceful overhang at the stern, and an even curve from stem to stern.

The yacht is a marvel of luxury and comfort. The saloon is fitted with sideboards, lockers and a buffet. The owner's stateroom is finished in bird's-eye maple, and upholstered with plush. There are on board electric motors, incandescent lights, electric fans, hot and cold sea-water baths, an ice machine, and dumbwaiters connecting with the saloon and pilot-house. Such is the modern steam yacht, which may be described as a floating palace.

At the foot of Twenty-third Street, South Brooklyn, there were yachts going and coming all the time; some fitting out for a voyage, and others just returned from a cruise.

There is no doubt that steam yachting in this country is on the increase. But it is a pleasure in which only the rich can indulge. It is, perhaps, the most expensive luxury known to millionaires. A steam yacht of any size costs a small fortune, and the expense of

maintaining it during the summer season runs up into the thousands of dollars. It is said that the salaries and board of the crew of Commodore Gerry's yacht "Electra" amount to one thousand dollars a month. And that is not the biggest item.

The sloops and cutters excite more interest than the steam yachts, because there is real sport in sailing. At the different docks and yards one may see the best types of naval architecture, and they are the fastest of their kind in the world. Here are boats that have a racing record; boats that are pictures to look at. Here, also, are flyers and cup winners of last year, perhaps to repeat their performances this year.

THE BABY'S CLOTHES.

WHEN the thinking man realizes the fact that the baby often wears as many as three or four dresses a day, he must conclude, even if he is not a pessimist, that the baby is a very expensive luxury, to thus, at such an early age, show that he possesses the spirit of his mother. For even as his mother dresses while at the seashore or mountain resort, so does the baby at home. The baby always looks cheerful and happy in the chaste ambrosial morn; when the sunshine dances mad fandangoes on the nursery carpet, and the Shanghai relieves himself of a long rasping crow, to show the condition of his throat after using a certain lozenge, the baby comes dripping and happy from the little tin bath in which he has been sailing his toys—notably the rabbits and chickens and other animals and birds that never take to the water—and laughs all over his chubby face at the idea of being attired in a new dress. His mother stands near and smiles upon realizing his appreciation of the luxury of dress, until the unprejudiced observer must conclude that she is quite as happy in the happiness of her offspring as any woman can be; and that in seeing him dressed for breakfast she feels that peculiar thrill of exultation and exaltation that fills her being as with a chaste Arabian perfume at the supreme moment when she is being dressed for a fancy ball. The baby's habiliments are always a great source of joy to the mother, for when she has nothing else to occupy her mind she loves to linger over them and rearrange them. They are to her what flowers are to bees, and what favorable press notices are to amateur Ophelias. And what delight she finds in mending them—more supreme ecstacy, certainly, than she could derive in adjusting a disc of scarlet flannel unto the seat of the seal-brown trousers of her lord and master!

Although the storm ulster, by reason of its weight and texture, is so tough that it turns the edge of a pair of scissors, even as the mountain hotel steak causes the best Sheffield carving-knife to acknowledge its inferiority to the occasion, yet the fond mother will carve this great garment, as I prune it into the proper shape to make eight or ten jackets for the baby who is just emerging from the mortifying environment of dresses and rising to the sublime dignity of trousers. What a deep, sacrificing spirit of love fills the mother's heart as she sets this trying ordeal for herself! She knows that before she is half through her beautiful hands will have lost their tapering symmetry of snowy loveliness, to a greater extent than when she attempted to paint the bathroom last month in order to save a dollar to invest in matinee tickets. Yet she spurs on with unflinching industry, never pausing to take a cup of tea or to listen to a brand-new scandal, or to turn her head to observe the new bonnet on the next-door neighbor who is calmly walking up and down before her door with the intention of driving her crazy if possible. On and on she plods, her nimble fingers flying this way and that, while she hums a spiritual air which is but the echo of her holy thoughts. What a chaste resignation is hers; what a beautiful picture of maternal love and duty! And when she finishes the garment it will be such a failure as regards fit that the child, upon first appearing in it, will only awaken the uncouth criticisms of his fastidious and discriminating contemporaries. To make him match the jacket, and place his body in harmony with his head, she should take the hatchet and cut his hair.

Almost every baby in these days of advanced ideas wears ready-made clothing, with the exception of the second babies, who sometimes from motives of economy, on the part of the parents of course, wear the habiliments that have been molted by the senior infant. But after a while there will be a baby's tailor, who will furnish the infant with what the English call "be-spoke" garments, and then the baby will boast of his London tailor with the same feeling of pride with which his maternal ancestor alludes to her Paris dress-maker. The baby will then wear checked uppers over his shoes, no doubt, and have them made of the same material employed in the construction of his hat and coat. He will be taken abroad every year or so by his parents for the purpose of having the latest style of garment made for him; and London will be to his serene babyship what Mecca was to the ancient Oriental. In all probability the London baby tailors will establish branch houses on the fashionable thoroughfares of this city, and drive the native talent to the provinces. And this is largely owing to the fact that the baby is often known by the clothing he wears, and which tickles him through and through so thoroughly that it is a source of wonder that he will cheerfully, when dressed in the height of baby fashion, sit and play in the mud, or allow molasses and soft-boiled eggs to trickle down his bosom. But perhaps he does this in order to have an immediate change, for he is capricious in his desires, and seems to realize full well that it is often the habit that proclaims the baby in all the dimpled rosiness of perfect babyhood.

R. K. MCKITTRICK.

"For the love of heaven, Amanda," said Rev. Dr. Fourthly, calling to his wife in tones of thunder, "come and take this squalling baby out of the room before she drives me crazy! I'm writing a sermon on 'Bearing one another's burdens!'"

A CERTAIN lord having a termagant wife, and at the same time a chaplain who was a tolerable poet, his lordship desired him to write a copy of verses on a shrew. "I cannot imagine," said the parson, "why your lordship should want a copy, who has so good an original."

ERNEST RENAN AND HIS SISTER.

A BEAUTIFUL story of sisterly devotion to a gifted brother is told in a little book just published entitled "Ma Sœur Henriette," by Ernest Renan. For obvious reasons, its publication was delayed until the tomb had closed over both brother and sister. The son and widow of the great writer have made a pious task of giving to the world this interesting record of a pure and lasting friendship, which Ernest Renan took pleasure in writing after death had robbed him of his faithful sister. Henriette Renan was twelve years older than her brother Ernest, and the tender solicitude with which she watched over him in his years of infancy was never relaxed while she lived. After the death of their parents, the brother and sister lived together in an ideal intimacy, sharing their inmost thoughts, hopes and convictions. A brief interruption came at the time of Ernest's marriage, the announcement of which at first proved a shock and a disappointment to his devoted sister. Realizing in time that her jealousy was unreasonable and unworthy of her, Henriette took the new wife to her heart and thereafter the three lived happily together. When Renan went to the East on a mission for the Emperor, his wife and sister accompanied him. It was a fatal journey for Henriette, who was attacked in Phœnicia by fever from which she never recovered. She lies now in a grave in the Syrian desert. Her bereaved brother, on his return from the East, wrote the beautiful prose elegy which has just now been made public. Previous to his death it was circulated only among the intimate friends of the family. It is a touching record of a kind of friendship that is rare, and is a warm tribute from a man of genius to a woman to whose help and sympathy he owed, as he testifies, much of his success and fame.

ASPARAGUS-GROWERS AT OYSTER BAY.

THE cultivation of that succulent and seductive vegetable, asparagus—that dainty tuberous root, foreign to our soil—requires both skill and science, as the asparagus farmers of Oyster Bay, on Long Island can tell you. The great plantations down among the marl-beds in that section need constant attention, but they yield a rich harvest. Early asparagus is sometimes worth almost its weight in silver, if not in gold; and at all seasons when it can be had it is of ready sale. The plant loves a dry, deep and powerfully manured soil, and needs constant attention. The rigging up, the gathering, packing, bunching and binding, and shipping to market, demand a large corps of men and women in and around Oyster Bay. What is handsomer or more appetizing than one of the savory bundles of the tender blue-veined shoots? Like the basket of strawberries, it ushers in the delights of summer. Every family must have its feast of asparagus; and so what wonder that the Oyster Bay asparagus-growers prosper?—(See page 4.)

THE HOME OF HELEN GOULD.

LYNDHURST-ON-THE-HUDSON has become more famous, since that gentle and winsome dispenser of charities, Miss Helen Gould, assumed possession of it, than it was even when Jay Gould made it his favorite retreat from the cares of business. It was the great financier's chief delight to spend hours remote from the click of tickers and the clack of Wall Street in caring for his flowers and shrubs at Lyndhurst. The mansion is handsome and comfortable, without being imposing; the wide-spreading branches of fine old trees environ its towers, and in summer form a grateful shadow above its hospitable-looking entrance. Library, dining-room, parlor and private rooms were all designed for comfort rather than show, yet each is not without a certain elegance. Here and there is an excellent bit of statuary; and the picture gallery is rich in good paintings. Lyndhurst-on-the-Hudson is so attractive to its fair mistress that she spends the greater part of her time there. Like her father, she is devoted to flowers and trees; and finds none of the charms of urban life sufficient to wean her from them.—(See page 13.)

"WHAT pretty little children you have!" said the new minister to the proud mother of three little ones. "Tell me, my dear," taking a little girl upon his lap, "are you the oldest of the family?" "No, sir," responded the little miss, with the accuracy of childhood; "my pa's older'n me."

THE new pastor was showing a young lady visitor over the church. "Now," he said, at length, "you have seen the organ and the nave; I should next like to conduct you to the altar."

"Oh," said the young lady, blushing, "really, Mr. Chasuble, this is so very sudden!" Then he saw he had been misconstrued, and stammered unintelligibly.

OLD Cashbox (to applicant for clerkship)—"Have you any bad habits, young man?"

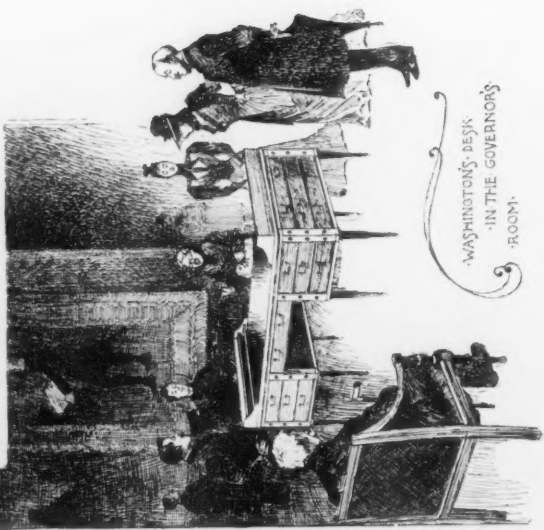
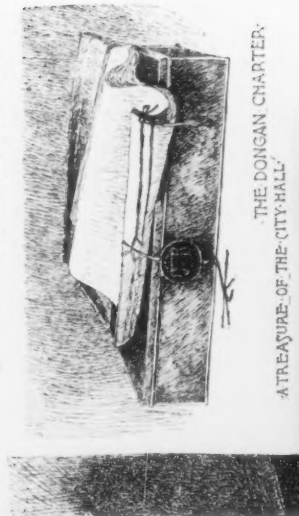
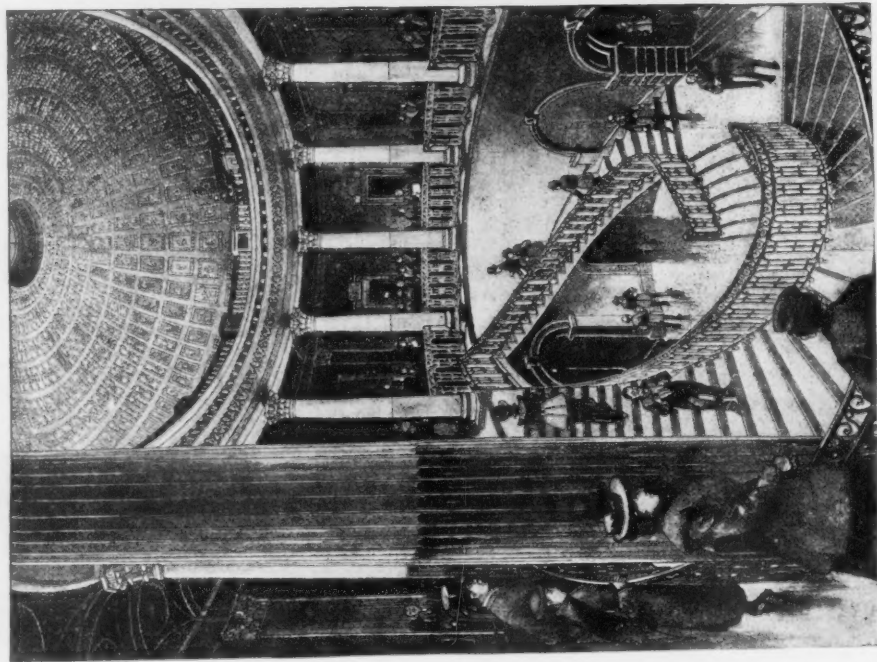
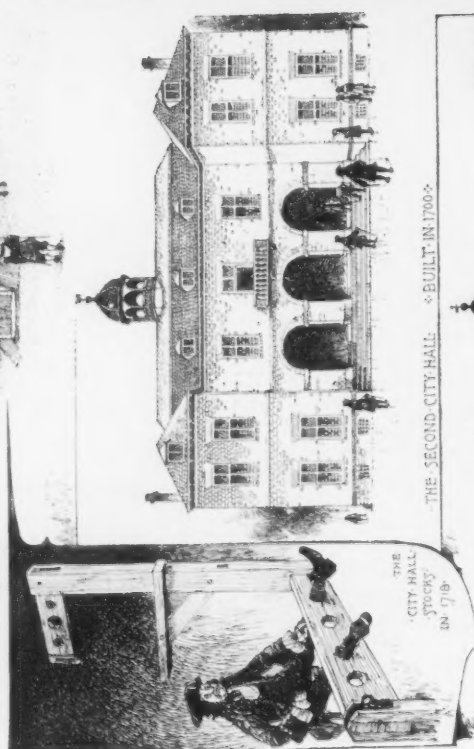
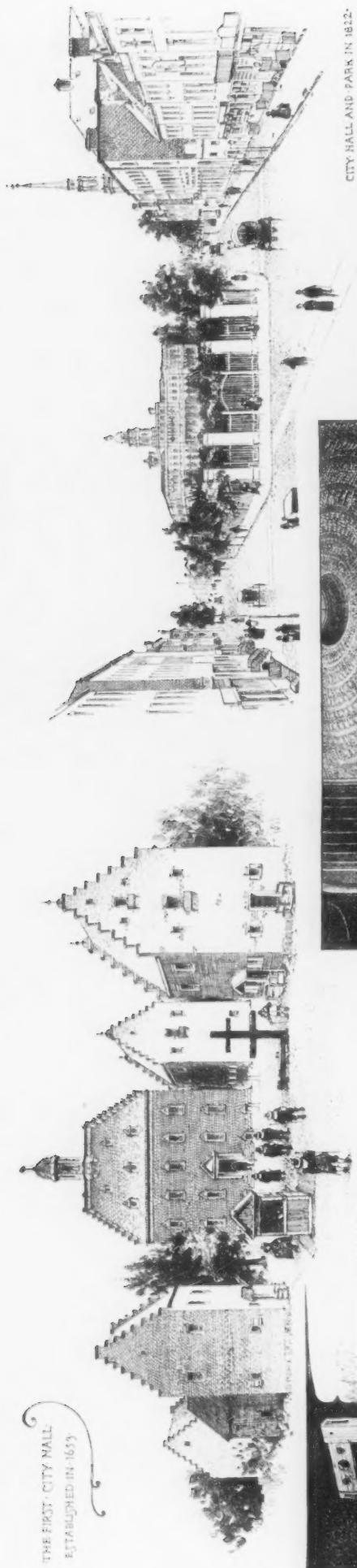
Applicant (with humility)—"I sometimes think I drink too much water with my meals."

ANOTHER STORY

AS TO HOW THE NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS RAILROAD CAME TO BE CALLED THE "NICKEL PLATE ROAD."

WHILE the surveyors were at work planning the best and shortest route, with easiest grades, between Buffalo and Chicago, via Erie, Cleveland, Eastoria and Ft. Wayne, two Ohio editors, of rival towns, got to wrangling, each contending for the road for his own town. The quarrel waxed so warm that one of them, driven to desperation, finally retorted that the proposed road would certainly not run through his rival's insignificant town, as it was to be a "Nickel Plated Road" and not a common affair.

This seems to antedate the story already printed, but we concur in the rest of the story, and cheerfully recommend the adoption of the good advice that went with it, as there seems to be no dispute as to its now being the Nickel Plate Line of America, and the shortest line between Buffalo and Chicago. It has powerful locomotives, prompt as to time; comfortable coaches, nicely decorated, richly upholstered and easy riding; dining cars, in which the welfare of the inner man is carefully looked after and satisfied; Wagner Palace Buffet Sleeping Cars; and substantial stations. Through sleeping cars run between Boston and New York and Chicago, via the Fitchburg and West Shore Roads; and the rates, being as low as the lowest, all combine to make it the popular line between Buffalo and any point in the South and West.



NEW YORK CITY HALLS PAST AND PRESENT. — (See page 14.)

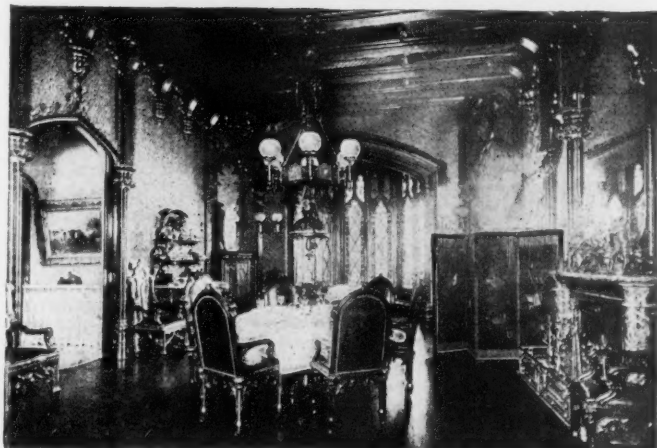
C. F. FINE



LYNDHURST EXTERIOR VIEW



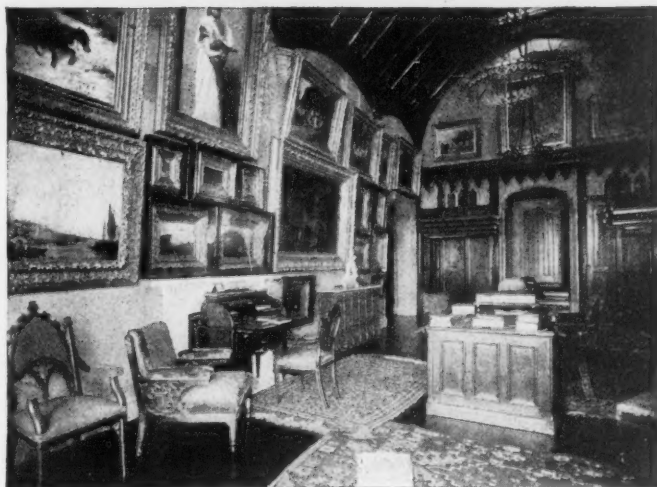
THE LIBRARY



THE DINING ROOM



THE PARLOR



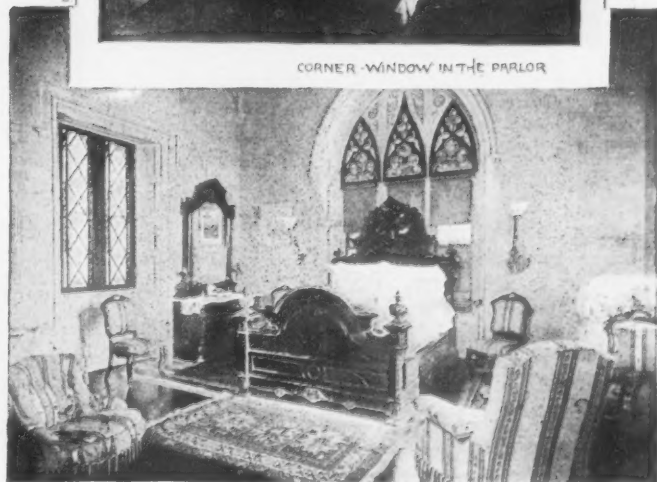
THE PICTURE GALLERY



CORNER WINDOW IN THE PARLOR



MISS HELEN GOULD'S ROOM. FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY MRS. J. P. GOULD



THE GUEST CHAMBER

LYNDHURST, THE RESIDENCE OF HELEN GOULD, ON THE HUDSON.

MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

ABOUT a year ago the question of musical composition was brought prominently before the readers of *ONCE A WEEK* by a prize competition, which resulted in the award of a seventy-five-dollar prize to Mr. H. A. Higby, and the withdrawal of a fifty-dollar prize because of the unworthy numbers brought forward in that class.

Much valuable food for reflection was the outcome of the competition. The editor first fortified himself against a superficial treatment of the matter by leaving the decision as to merit in the hands of men whose position before the public, as educators, was such that the decision involved their standing as astute and reliable critics—a matter of much more importance to them than the gaining of the prize could have been to any of the contestants.

It is safe to say that, had the judges been selected from a non-professional class, a different decision would have been arrived at. Music by the people at large is judged on the basis of its melodiousness. The masses patronize melody. Songs that have had the greatest sale in the history of music are, many of them, very flimsy in construction from a strictly musical standpoint; they contain a strain easily caught and retained, treat frequently of some of the homelier sentiments or fads of this very easily entertained people, and behold! they become popular, and enjoy a brief but good-paying existence.

The judges felt that the influence of their decision must, to a certain degree, affect the taste and judgment of all who entered, as well as followed, the competition, especially of those who submitted works. The successful number would be examined by all who had competed, and compared with their own. While it is natural for every one to favor his own, after the first disappointment had disappeared they would search for a reason why the judges should differ with them on the merit of their own song, and, as a result, gain a clearer idea of what constitutes real merit and wherein they had failed.

This would lead us to a careful analysis of music, and also to a study of the discrimination of the general public. Unfortunately we can only touch upon either of the questions because of space limitation.

The middle and better classes have such frequent opportunities to hear good music that they can no longer be said to be unmusical. Another reason for general improvement in musical appreciation is the introduction of musical instruments into so many homes, and the organization and support of musical societies in nearly all of the larger towns. The introduction into church services of a less trivial class of sacred music has also done much to elevate the general taste.

The popular song-writer of to-day appreciates the fact that he must select one of two positions. If he desires to be considered musical, he will write for the above class; if his aim is only to catch the popular favor, he will appeal to the sentimental fancies of the uneducated classes. It is here that most of the money is made in song-writing. Regret it as much as we may, the fact is indisputable that song-writing is more distinctly a lottery, so far as its chance of success is concerned (by success we mean financial returns, of course), than is any other effort in the field of art.

It is a well-known fact among publishers that the writer of a recent popular song, which is only now going into decline, cleared the sum of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars on his modest effort, in which he could not induce the publishers of his native city to invest even the price of plates for its production and therefore published it himself. Had he taken advantage of the recently enacted copyright law, by protecting his interests in England and Australia, he would have doubled his fortune.

Artistic success, however, we are thankful to say, is not measured by dollars, and it is more creditable for a man to write a good song—one that will pass the criticism of the masters of musical theory, and meet with the less trying approval of music-lovers—than to score a meteoric financial success and have both the song and its writer forgotten in a few short months or years.

There are to be found, in every country, people who sneer at everything that is not classical, while often their own technical and theoretical attainments are such as to considerably discredit the sincerity of their claim to intelligent appreciation. There are, on the other hand, many who enjoy beautiful songs, though they be not strictly classical, but are in all particulars worthy and theoretically correct. Modern publishers are temporizing with the former class and patronizing the latter by nominating quite an extensive library of such productions as "Modern Classics." It would be interesting to limit the word "classic" to its exact meaning and put many of the modern writings to the test. The value of the result would be greater to the professional than to the layman.

The readers of *ONCE A WEEK* enjoy the continued and satisfying evidence on the part of its editor and his assistants that the rule in whatever they undertake is, that it shall be well done. We have in evidence the manner in which the prize contest was conducted. One hundred and twenty-five dollars offered in prizes in securing judges, and having the plates engraved and published. And again, high ground was taken in the selection of the poem which was to be set to music for the first prize—one of the most beautiful of Mrs. Brownings. It is to the last degree a difficult matter to find good words for a song, and, as I observed in my letter published by the editor announcing my decision of the merits of the composition, a proof of it is shown by the large majority of the returns made where the words were furnished, compared with those where the writers were obliged to select words for themselves.

A poem to be available for a song must possess the literary virtues of directness, brevity, and smoothness of diction. Freedom from closed vowels on climaxes of sentiment, freedom also from the unepithetous interference of rugged consonants, is of the greatest importance. Easy, natural, rhythmic swing, gracefulness and not too lengthy periods, are also some of the many qualities which the good song-writer searches for in his selection of his text. It becomes clear, then, that the great obstacle lies in the difficulty of finding words. In

my conversations with many noted song-writers, the answer to the question, "Why do not you write more songs?" is invariably the same—"I cannot find the words."

One of the New York composers recently had some beautiful words in manuscript handed him by a friend. He read them over, and, turning to his friend, said: "Where did you get these words?" She replied that they had been sent her by an acquaintance who was traveling abroad. "Have they been published?" he inquired. "I think not," was the reply. "Is this the only copy you have seen?" "It is," she said. A contract was at once made. She was to receive the dedication of the song, and no other eyes were to know of the rare find until his copyright was secured. And the result has been one of our most beautiful songs.

It is true, unfortunately, that few words are written, possessing any merit, which have for their special object a combination with music. A mind trained to the graceful rounding of sentences—in other words, a poet—is too deeply engrossed in the fascinations of his literary pursuits to allow his lines to be influenced or his imagination hampered by the claims of the sister art—music. His ear is trained only to the euphony of rhyme and metre. It remained for the God of Music to strengthen the poet's claim to immortality by wedding his words to melody.

We are shown that there are difficulties awaiting the ambitious writer who would express himself in song: that the first is in the selection of words; but what shall we say of the difficulties that confront him from a musical standpoint?

To succeed, he must combine gifts with attainments; in other words, he must first possess the musical gift or love of music, and then have attained by effort sufficient familiarity with the rudimentary and technical difficulties to be able to express his ideas in a logical and, to a certain extent, conventional fashion. The mechanical side of the art, while never obtrusive in its finished and presented form, is the rough and rugged road over which all must pass before they can hope to win the smile of approval from that great and only honest critic, the public.

An intimate knowledge—first, of the general principles of music, next of the entire range of musical attainment—must form the basis of his preparation as a composer. He must also give a strict accounting on the score of executive skill. He must be more or less of a performer—all composers have at one time or another played upon some instrument; and while, as they grow in celebrity as composers they usually or frequently abandon execution as a forte, their knowledge of the keyboard was the best discipline they could have had as a means to fluency of expression and freedom of their thought.

He who would write an acceptable song must have some knowledge of musical theory, either through study of composition or a long association with good models; and the demands which it is proper to make upon the voice as the medium through which his thought is to be expressed cannot be overlooked.

The above are a few of the principal features which the critic will take into consideration in passing judgment upon a song. In fact, it was these very considerations which governed the committee who acted for *ONCE A WEEK* in the musical contest last summer. One or two of the songs were, perhaps, more melodic than the successful one; others were more popular in their style, and in some particulars a number of them gave indications of quite as much promise as Mr. Higby's, but the promise was not fulfilled in the average of their showing.

The writer was deeply interested in the papers that were submitted. It gave him a flattering view of the intelligent interest American people are taking in music and the really remarkable facility with which they express themselves through this delightful medium. For most of the contestants he has words of warm encouragement.

Americans are a receptive, responsive and expressive people; music is by far the most prominent of our idols, and the worshippers flock to her shrine from every grade of society and every walk in life. As a nation, we look from our achievements back to recent and very modest beginnings. This is no less true of our musical growth, and it is a legitimate source from which we can draw encouragement for our young writers.

A love of music truly existed in the heart of every young writer who entered the contest for the prize offered in *ONCE A WEEK*. The offer of the prize is what brought this love to the surface and encouraged it to its natural expression. Let every young student of music remember that in this, as in all other fields of effort, success and honor to one's country come, not by coaxing, but by coercion. Earnestness of purpose, seconded by serious and sustained effort, will lead many of our young writers above the plane of mediocrity, add to the wealth of our productivity in the field of music, purify the lives, gladden the hearts and ennoble the characters of all who come within their influence.

HERRERT WILBER GREENE.

NEW YORK'S CITY HALLS.

THE first City Hall in New York was established in 1653—in what was then the City Tavern, which stood at the corner of the present Pearl Street and Coenties Alley. This building contained not only the City Hall, but the Stadt "Huys," Court-House and Jail, where the "worshipful Schout, Burgomasters and Schepens" dealt out all kinds of justice, aided by a head Constable, who was also the District Attorney. At about this time the first real estate transaction took place—a city lot being sold for fourteen dollars.

In 1658 the shoemakers of the city made one hundred and fifty leather buckets for fire purposes, fifty of which were left in the City Hall, while the remainder were distributed in town. The ancient records report a deficit in the City Hall "Chest," because of which the salary of the Town Drummers—very important officials—could not be paid.

The English took the town in 1664, and thereafter the records were kept in Dutch and English, and the confusion arising from that operation has not been thoroughly

settled even to this day. In the year following the island was incorporated under a Mayor, Alderman and Sheriff. The Dutch again took the town, but in the next year the British got it back again and rechristened it.

In 1679 the coopers formed a combination to increase the price of barrels. Before the Council and Mayor in the City Hall they were found guilty and fined fifty shillings each, which was paid to the church—"for pious uses." In 1686 the Dongan Charter was received. The original, shown in the illustration on page 12, is among the archives at the present City Hall. It was ordered by the Council in 1687 that for the "ease of the inhabitants a lanthorn and a candle should be hung on a pole from every seventh house."

The Council finally decided to erect a new city building; and in 1699 John Rodman bought the old one for nine hundred and twenty pounds. The new one was ready for the Council early in 1700, and it stood on the corner of Wall Street and "Pye-Woman's Lane"—the old name for Nassau Street. Some years later Mr. Stephen Delancy presented to the town a curious clock with four dials, which was placed in the City Hall.

In 1755 the Zenger trial took place, and the question of American liberty was probably first broached at that time in the City Hall. The Governor, who had abused his power, was exposed by Zenger in his paper—*The Weekly Journal*. Zenger was put on trial for libel, and the judge declared that the jury could only decide whether or not the published articles were Zenger's, and he, the judge, would decide as to the libel. The venerable Andrew Hamilton defended Zenger, and in closing made a ringing speech on liberty, which caused great uproar. The jury acquitted Zenger, amid general enthusiasm, much to the judge's chagrin; whereupon the judge threatened the audience, which then defied him, led by a son of Admiral Norris, who cheered the jury repeatedly. Norris announced to the judge that he was the leader, and, as the public was with him, the judge subsided. Andrew Hamilton received great attentions from the people; presents were showered on him, and cannon salutes were fired in his honor.

During the Revolution the City Hall was used by the British as a guardhouse, and suffered much damage. When evacuation came, the Mayor decamped with the records, which were never recovered. Under the portico of this City Hall Washington was inaugurated with great ceremony, as first President of the United States, on the 3d of March, 1789; and in a journal of the epoch we read that "the procession moved, about twelve o'clock, from the house of the President in Cherry Street, thro' Queen, Great Dock and Broad Streets, to the Federal State House." This "Federal State House," or City Hall, was practically rebuilt after the Revolution, and in the *Gazette of the United States* of Wednesday, March 24, 1790, appeared an advertisement, stating that seventy-five hundred pounds was to be raised "by lottery" to enlarge the City Hall to accommodate Congress. Such a course for securing funds for a public edifice would hardly be sanctioned nowadays.

Two well-known characters, Mr. and Mrs. Skaats, were closely concerned with things that transpired in the "Federal State House." Mr. Skaats was crier of the courts, while his wife had charge of the building. Mrs. Skaats dressed in true Dutch costume, was on hand every day to see that everything went right, and that the judges, Senators and others were made comfortable. The dignitaries detained by bad weather were much pleased by Mrs. Skaats's attentions, and her cooking was liked in all kinds of weather.

In 1812, when the "City Hall on the commons," the present elegant building, was finished, Mr. and Mrs. Skaats were its custodians. The City Government suggested that they establish a regular "Tea Room" at "the Council's expense." But they soon after resigned, to the regret of all.

The city at that time contained eighty thousand inhabitants. Harlem was recognized as a town. "Greenwich" (near the present Christopher Street and North River) was a separate village, where the people went to live in summer. The present Washington Square was then the Potter's Field, and Love Lane (now West Street) ran from Bloomingdale Road to the North River.

A well-known citizen of the New York of those days was Mr. Bogart, the "eminent biscuit-maker of the city," whose shop on Broadway, at the corner of Cortlandt Street, was a landmark. After his day's work was done, he dressed himself with great neatness in small clothes, buckled shoes, body-coat (with enormous pockets guarded by three brass buttons), powdered hair, and celskin queue, topped by a broad hat. Thus arrayed, in pleasant weather Mr. Bogart would sit before his shop, smoking his long pipe as he complacently regarded those who passed.

In 1834 the City Hall's doors were thrown open in honor of General Lafayette, and on its steps in 1857 took place a savage row between the old Police and the Metropolitan Force legalized by the Legislature.

Under its vaulted portico thousands of our citizens paid silent homage to the remains of the dead soldier who now lies in Riverside Park, and in one of its stately chambers Mayor Hewitt made an American a Duchess by marrying Mrs. Hammersley to the Duke of Marlborough. There, early in 1879, the body of Bayard Taylor, the poet-journalist, traveler and diplomat, lay in state after it was brought from Berlin, where the famous American died while Minister-resident of the United States.

The present City Hall is undoubtedly the most beautiful public building in the metropolis. In these days, when beauty is sacrificed to size, it is hardly probable that the next municipal building will be as perfect in proportion, as daintily graceful, as the charming little palazzo in the City Hall Park.—(See page 12.)

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THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE, the German Chancellor, strongly discourages luxury in any form in connection with the duties of his office, and the rooms he occupies in the Reich-Kanzler Palace afford a shining example to his subordinates by their extreme severity, not to say comfortless aspect. Engravings of by-gone Prussian Kings and the three Emperors, in depressing black frames, hang on the walls, while the Prince's writing-table could not well be more sparsely set out. A cheap blotting-pad, common white china inkstand, provided with a little jar of gritty sand so much used in Germany, a simple brass candlestick, a useful but not ornamental pair of scissors, match-box stand and magnifying glass—even the official seal, are all of the most inexpensive description and inferior in quality to those to be found in most counting-houses. The only attempts at ornamentation are numberless photographs of members of Prince Hohenlohe's family, but there is a fine portrait of the present Emperor which at once commands attention. The sole indulgence the Prince permits himself is the endless consumption of cigars, and therefore every table in the room is provided with cigar-lighter and ash-tray, while a box of the finest Havanas is always at the disposal of his guests. Princess Hohenlohe, on the contrary, has a penchant for handsomely furnished apartments, and therefore the suite of reception-rooms are beautifully fitted up and contain many art treasures. One of the most interesting rooms in the palace is the famous Congress Saal, which has witnessed the signing of treaties which have influenced the fate of nations.

POETICAL TRIADS.

MR. OWEN PUGH, the Welsh bard, being called upon for his opinion of the requisites of a poet, wrote on the spot the following parody on the Bardic Triads:

1. The three primary requisites of poetical genius—an eye that can see Nature, a heart that can feel Nature, and a resolution that dares follow Nature.
2. The three final intentions of poetry—increased goodness, increased understanding, and increased of delight.
3. The three properties of a just imagination—what may be, what ought to be, and what is seemingly to be.
4. The three indispensabilities of poetical language—purity, copiousness, and ease.
5. Three things that ought to be well understood in poetry—the great, the little, and their correspondences.
6. Three things to be avoided in poetry—the mean, the obscure, and the extravagant.
7. Three things to be chiefly considered in poetical illustration—what shall be obviously seen, what shall be instantly admired, and what shall be eminently characteristic.
8. The three dignities of poetry—the true and wonderful united, the union of the beautiful and wise, and the union of Art and Nature.

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible, in order to enjoy exclusive privileges. Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in game fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found. Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates. For circular showing fishing and hunting resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Seull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

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9. The three advantages of poetry—the praise of goodness, the memory of what is remarkable, and the invigoration of the affections.

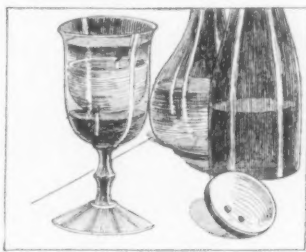
10. The three purities of poetry—pure truth, pure language, and pure conception.

11. Three things that poetry should thoroughly be—thoroughly learned, thoroughly animated, thoroughly natural.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

UNRESTRICTED RECIPROCITY.

AN interesting little experiment, the materials for which will be found on the dinner-table, is illustrated here. Peel an orange by cutting the rind through the centre and removing it in the shape of hollow half-spheres. In the bottom of one of these half-spheres pierce two holes side by side, with a goose-quill toothpick, and then place the half orange peel in a



goblet, the concave side down. The diameter of the glass should be a little smaller than that of the orange peel, so as to hold the latter in position half-way down the sides of the glass. Pour some red wine into the orange peel; it will run out through the holes. Let it just reach the level where it touches the bottom of the orange peel. Now pour water into the glass until it is almost full, and watch the result. You will see a thin red film rising through one of the holes to the level of the water, while the water, which is heavier than the wine, descends through the other hole to the bottom of the glass. In a short time, instead of having the wine below and the water above the orange skin, the conditions are reversed, both liquids having completely changed places. Two goose-quills may be placed in the holes, one going downward and one upward, but they are not indispensable to the success of the experiment.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

BURNS was standing one day upon the quay at Greenock when a wealthy merchant, belonging to the town, had the misfortune to fall into the harbor. He was no swimmer, and his death would have been inevitable had not a sailor, who happened to be passing at the time, immediately plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued him from his dangerous situation.

The Greenock merchant, upon recovering a little from his fright, put his hand into his pocket and generously presented the sailor with a shilling! The crowd, who were by this time collected, loudly protested against the contemptible insignificance of the sum; but Burns, with a smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to restrain their clamor—"For," said he, "the gentleman is of course the best judge of the value of his own life."

CAMPBELL AND HIS BROTHER.

ON one occasion, when the poet Campbell and his elder brother were in bed together, the poet was more than usually restless, and, in the ardor of inspiration, inflicted sundry kicks upon his less elevated brother, which the other received with his usual sang-froid.

In the morning, however, he took the first opportunity of interrogating the poet as to the cause of his perplexed slumbers. "I was not asleep," he replied, "but was attempting a poem upon grandeur, and could not get the lines to please me at all; with one or two alterations, however, I think it will do now." "Indeed!" said the elder brother, dryly. "Well, Tom, I don't know what share you claim in this effusion, but I am quite sure I had all the bold strokes of it."

A TOUCHING scene was witnessed in Wurzburg recently, during the visit of the Prince Regent of Bavaria to that town. As his Royal Highness was taking a stroll in the crowded Hofgarten a lady suddenly threw herself on her knees before him, and with choking sobs presented a petition, entreating that the sentence of imprisonment pronounced upon her son might be revoked. The young man had been more sinned against than

sinning, and the piteous appeal touched the Regent so deeply that he took the petition from her with his own hands, and, assisting the unhappy lady to her feet, said gently: "Rise, poor mother; the matter shall be attended to"—a gracious speech which contained, as she knew, a full pardon for the erring son.

A VENETIAN lady, Countess R—, who is described as one of the most beautiful women in Italy, has revived the fashion of the past, and invites her friends to visit her in her boudoir while her hair is being dressed. The Countess is a brilliant talker, and discusses art, music, literature and politics with equal knowledge and fluency; but the attention of the visitors is apt to wander, and more interest is displayed in the masses of golden hair which float over the dainty *peignoir* than in the most burning subjects of the day—a fact of which their hostess is probably quite aware.

The Comtesse de Paris has presented a gold chalice to the Rev. Father Morley in commemoration of the marriage of Princess Helene with the Duke d'Aosta, at his church of St. Raphael's, Kingston-on-Thames.



BY "A BLUE APRON."

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Dissolve two thick sticks of Huyler's chocolate in three-quarters of a pint of boiling milk. When cool, add the well-beaten yolks and whites of three eggs; sugar to taste; a squeeze of lemon-juice and an ounce and a half of chopped almonds. Line a pudding-dish with pastry, pour in the mixture, and bake. Serve hot or cold.

APRICOT SWEET.—Cut some stale sponge cake or a French roll in slices about a quarter of an inch thick, and fry them in butter till a nice golden color. Drain and sprinkle them with icing-sugar; place on a baking-tin, and bake them for a few minutes until the sugar forms a glaze. Put half an apricot which has been warmed on each, and arrange them on a dish in a circle. Pour a plain syrup round and fill each apricot with whipped cream.

GNOCCHI.—Put one ounce of butter into half a pint of cold water, and set on the stove in a shallow pan till it boils; when boiling add two and a half ounces of flour, stirring quickly all the time over the fire until it is cooked; that is, until the panado leaves the sides of the saucepan quite clean and coats the spoon. Take it off the fire, and when slightly cooled add two whole eggs and the yolk of another one by one, a little salt and cayenne, and then three ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, and beat it well together. Rub it through a colander with a jam-pot into some boiling fat; fry till a light brown. Do not put too much in the fat at once, and serve very hot.

CHEESE BISCUITS.—Two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, two ounces of grated cheese, a pinch of cayenne, and salt to taste. Rub the butter in the flour, add the cheese, cayenne and salt. Mix all well together. Moisten with water sufficiently to make a paste; roll out thin, and make into small biscuits of fancy shapes, and bake in a quick oven. The biscuits should rise well. Coralline pepper may be substituted for cayenne if desired.

A POET asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production, "An Ode to Sleep." The latter replied: "You have done so much justice to the subject that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight."

WHEN the architect spoke of the great nave there was to be in the new church, a pious old lady said she "knew to whom he referred."

"WHAT building is that?" asked a stranger of a boy, pointing to the school. "That," said the boy—"why, that's a tannery;" and he feelingly rubbed his back and passed on.

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